

# THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

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*Courtesy Downtown Gallery, New York*

BRONZE FIGHTING COCKS

GEORGE BIDDLE

## TROPICS AND DESIGN

BY GEORGE BIDDLE

AS a child, and, I think until after I was a matured man, I showed no unusual aptitude for art. Nor do I think a child ever shows an aptitude for art other than in his highly sensitive and buoyant aptitude for life; and this I had. This craving and curiosity for life was retarded and almost, perhaps, completely frustrated by thirteen years spent in a New England boarding school, college and law school. Like all normal children I had a strong herd instinct, and being passionately ambitious, I wanted to excel—also to conform to type. Twice in this period of mental adolescence, at sixteen and again at twenty-three, I had physi-

cal breakdowns, perhaps the results of a subconscious emotional conflict between the creative self in me and this rigid, patterned being which I conceived myself to be. Twice my education was interrupted, and I spent a year in Southern California, and later in Texas and Mexico. At this emotional and impressionable age, for the first time I was in contact with the exuberance of the semi-tropics. I was intoxicated with the rich and colorful civilization of the Mexicans, rode with them to their "rodeos," learned how to use the "riata," and helped them ride "broncos" on the thick black sea beaches, in the early dawn, of the Pacific.





THE EXPECTANT THISTLES

(LITHOGRAPH)

GEORGE BIDDLE

Seven years later I had again another six months of yearning inward happiness. Part of the time I spent, at regular cowboy wages of \$18 a month, with the "vaqueria" of a big cattle ranch in Nueces County, some 40 miles from the Rio Grande. Alternately horse wrangler, fence rider and cattle driver, I rode daily through the mesquite; and at night, in the lea of the "chuck wagon," sat round among the "vaqueros," listening to their "corridos," sucking and drinking in to my very marrow this so different life from what I had experienced. Later, in a 600-mile trip down the west slope of the Mexican Sierras, up the blazing coast of Sonora and Sinaloa, and through the pine clad gullies and tablelands of Chihuahua, alone with an Indian "arriero," I could engulf myself in this fantastic and accumulative romance, and truly for the first time, as an artist, live. For I believe that life is the essence of art, and it was this external living which made my legal career seem the more awful; and slowly, very slowly, made possible that internal life which, when projected in a given medium, becomes art.

I had hardly passed my state bar examinations, at twenty-six, when I determined to dedicate myself to painting. I use the expression "dedicate" advisedly. For though I had experienced life externally, it was still

many years before I should realize that art is but the individual's reaction, or expression, or criticism, or re-creation of life. It must, I felt, be mastered, learned, absorbed. So for four earnest and not unusual years I made the very usual progress of any art student in Paris, in Philadelphia, in Munich. I gobbled up museums, French impressionism, cubism, futurism, the old masters; I copied Velasquez in Madrid, and Rubens in Munich; I fell under the spell of Mary Cassatt's passion and integrity, and through her eyes I was influenced by Degas. Degas and Mary Cassatt were the two prime influences to which, as a student, I submitted. Well, then, I could by now draw adequately; I had a sensitive feeling for color; I was desperately in earnest and ambitious to overcome my late start. As yet I did not see life through the eyes of the artist. And of a sudden along came the war, to interfere and deflect my most carefully projected plans and ambitions. Alas, I had begun too late to live; and now was life and its many emotional complications ever going to allow me to paint?

I enlisted; and there followed the usual two years of war's drudgery, with occasional moments of compensating romance, and the endless weeks and months of hatred and rebellion, which—as a friend of mine remarked





THE WOODCUTTERS

(OIL PAINTING)

GEORGE BIDDLE



THE WEDDING FEAST

(OIL PAINTING)

*Courtesy, The Rehn Gallery*

GEORGE BIDDLE





*Courtesy, The Rehn Gallery*

WINTER ON THE HUDSON

(OIL PAINTING)

GEORGE BIDDLE

—the passionate individualist must ever feel in a closely knit organization of four million.

The war was over, and I was free again to paint. But I was already thirty-four. As before, I had turned to France and Europe to seek the deepest integrity, so now I felt that I must escape influences. Such a terrible experience must deeply alter one's inner growing self. One must not take up threads where one had left them. Better place oneself, so to speak, in a vacuum, where one could realize oneself as rapidly as possible while there was still time. And so, guided by a reawakened love of the tropics and a desire to escape from influences, from the war, from the past, I spent two years in a

native Polynesian village. With the exception of a single friend, the nearest white man was some 20 kilometers distant.

I believe it was this experience, which perhaps was less an effort to escape the facts of life than the need to probe myself, which first determined, or crystallized, my artistic individuality, my color, my sense of design. Certain critics of the newspaper column calibre of mind, accused me of being influenced by Gauguin. I remember Marsden Hartley once saying to me, "It will take you a long time to live down two clouds: your name and the fact that you painted in Tahiti!" But the greater an artist, the greater is his ability to digest influence. The





*Courtesy, American Designers' Gallery*

SILK SCREEN WITH BLOCK PRINT DESIGN

GEORGE BIDDLE

inability to absorb influence is one test of a shallow mind. One's art, as one's life, should be influenced by every fact with which one comes in contact, until one ceases to grow or is, actually, dead. There have been positive influences in my work of which I was consciously aware: as a student, that of Degas, Mary Cassatt and Frieske; since I matured, the exuberant color and the closely knit, interpenetrating, redundant design of the tropics.

It was at about this time that I consciously became interested in sound articulated design and came little by little to have a horror of uncontrolled emotional or expressionistic painting. A painter, in oil, which is the

most fluent and personal of all the mediums, fills both the rôle of the musical composer and the vocal executant. Without emotional rendering the composition may sound dry and flat, but without organized design the emotional expression is anarchy. And so for two years in Paris I experimented more and more in those mediums, which, being less fluent and personal, are the better adapted to pure design. Alternately I worked in stone and wood, and modelled in clay; I cut block prints and made designs for marquetry, embroidery, stitch work and pottery. At the time I experienced a certain antipathy to oil paint. I think now that it was but a subconscious feeling that until I had solved





SEVEN MARES AND A STALLION

WATER COLOR

BY

GEORGE BIDDLE





*Courtesy, Ralph Pearson, Inc.*

## RAG RUG

BY

GEORGE BIDDLE





MARQUETRY TIP-TOP TABLE EXECUTED IN MAHOGANY, EBONY AND SATINWOOD BY GEORGE BIDDLE

PURCHASED BY THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

my own problems in color and design and composition I could not, with conviction and sincerity, express myself in that most fluent and joyous of all mediums.

These two, in many ways unhappy, years in Paris had another lasting effect on me. Slowly I began to feel how different from our own is the French or Paris mentality; and I realized how actually different in motivation and content is our own best American art. Most French art—indeed

most European art—is fluent, detached, critical, aware of its artistry; while our best American art has always been sensitive, inhibited, romantic, passionate, naive in its realism, and often not too critical—thank God, perhaps—of the problems of aesthetics.

I believe then that when I returned to America, three years ago, I was more conscious than I had ever been before of my own and of my American inner attitude toward life; and felt that the moment in my





*Courtesy, Downtown Gallery*

DESIGN EXECUTED IN TAPESTRY-STITCH

GEORGE BIDDLE

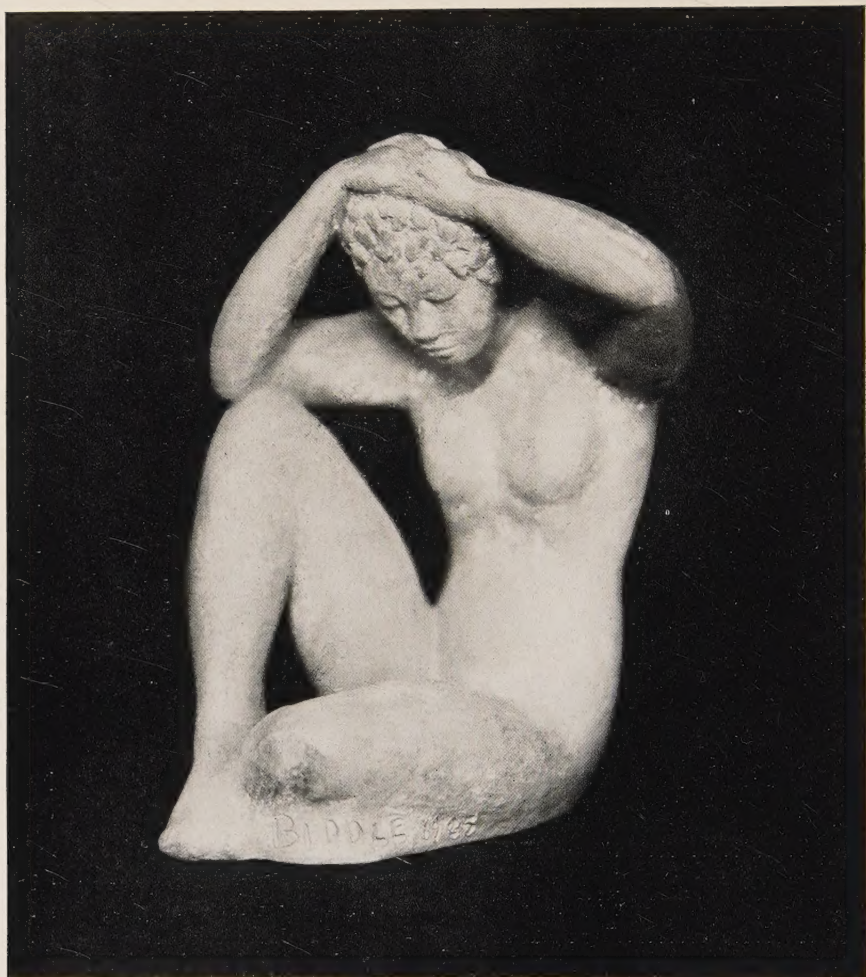
career had arrived when I need preoccupy myself less in self-probings, and could allow my energy to flow into a more direct, subconscious emotional expression of life.

In closing, I may perhaps tersely state a few of those aesthetic tenets, which, although they have nothing to do with the creation of art, yet are important in indicating the direction of a given artist. I should be the more timid if I had encountered, since reading George Santayana's "Sense of

Beauty," one sound idea or permanent contribution in the English language to the aesthetics of painting.

1. There is no inherent quality of beauty in art any more than an act is in itself morally good or bad. A work is beautiful only to those who think it beautiful. The quality of beauty is one projected from the audience, or critic, and applied to the work of art. Can we, otherwise, rationally, explain the fact that what to one generation, or race,





Courtesy, Downtown Gallery, New York

TERRA-COTTA FIGURE

GEORGE BIDDLE

or individual, is beautiful, is not so, or to a lesser degree, to another? But why, then, has the world generally agreed to certain standards of beauty? Because the human mind does not in succeeding generations *completely* alter its concepts about life. An act is moral if it functions. A work of art has beauty if it functions.

What, then, is the value of art if it has no innate quality of beauty? Its value is inherent in the definition which I have earlier suggested: that of a personal expression, or criticism, or re-creation, or reaction to life. And the work of art has value or greatness in proportion to the vigor or fresh-

ness or individuality of the artist's vision, and in proportion to the value of the life or civilization which is involved.

2. Creative art has nothing to do with aesthetics. To be specific: the value of a given painting has nothing to do with the color harmony, design, drawing, composition. Let me suggest a metaphor. With all the dynamite in the world I could perhaps blow a pea across the room, but without an explosion the finest rifle barrel would not shoot a pea anywhere! Creative art, then, is the explosive, subconscious vision of life. Good painting, drawing, composition, etc. will but help the vision or criticism to carry



home, to hit the bull's-eye. So a lot of powder with an old smooth bore has not more chance of hitting the target a mile away than less powder and a good rifle. That is the importance of good color and design. As Strachey showed, there is that difference in the greatness of Racine and Shakespeare. But let all art students and critics and mediocrities remember: good painting and sound aesthetics have nothing to do with creative art.

3. There can be no such thing as three-dimensional design in painting. A painting is a surface with but two dimensions. Its design, which is its drawing or composition or arrangement, must be in terms of two dimensions also. Of course a painting may *suggest* three dimensions. But in this there is neither novelty nor inherent value. The quality of three dimensions is but one aspect of the world we live in. We may dwell upon this three-dimensional aspect of life just as we may dwell upon its flatness, gaiety, its color, drollery or tears. But in a painting we can only design it in terms of two dimensions. Now when we more correctly state

that Rubens or Cezanne or Jones emphasizes this three-dimensional aspect of the world more than does a Byzantine mosaic or Chinese painting, we must remember first that *all* paintings are the transcription of a solid world; and secondly, that Rubens or Cezanne or Jones might not have suggested qualities of solidity to a seventh century Chinaman. Watson's Behaviourism could at least suggest that query.

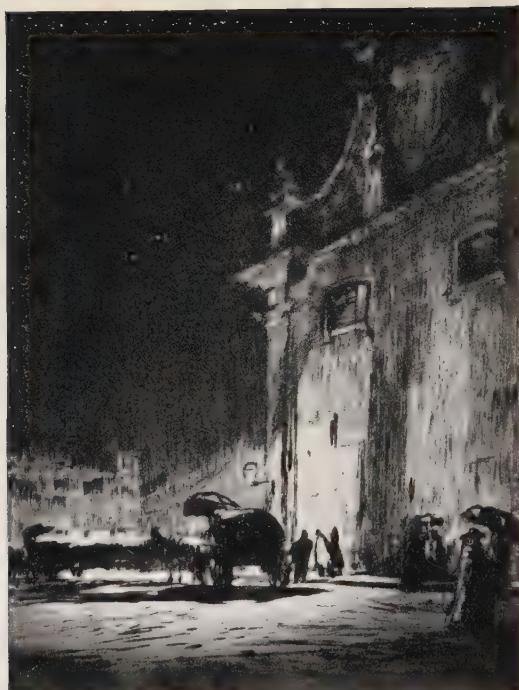
4. Critics and others of a newspaper column calibre of mind have, in the chauvinistic post-war period, joined in the chorus that American artists to create vitally must live in America. I for one would be deeply unhappy anywhere else. But this goes not to the essence. Of course an American, if he be one, will create best in terms of his America. But an artist, as my friend Waldo Frank has said, must probe and know his own depths and then he can express not only his America but the world's life which is in each one of us. That is true not only of the artist, but the layman. To that extent, if we could all but realize ourselves, we should all be potential artists.



DECORATED TERRA-COTTA BOWL

GEORGE BIDDLE





RAINY NIGHT IN ROME

MUIRHEAD BONE

## PRINT PRICES

BY GORDON DUNTHORNE

THE last year has been remarkable for the high prices paid at auction for works of art, furniture, paintings, sculpture and etchings. In the case of the latter, the previous record high price of over eighteen thousand dollars for Rembrandt's etching of Tholinx, which has stood for nearly four years, was more than doubled when another Rembrandt portrait, this time of "Burgomaster Six," realized nearly forty thousand dollars at the Six sale in Amsterdam.

High prices have not been confined to etchings by Rembrandt (made, of course, nearly three hundred years ago) but to the work of contemporary etchers, as the examples—picked out at random and listed below—will show:

Muirhead Bone:	
"Rainy Night, Rome".....	\$1,200
"Somerset House".....	875
"Piccadilly Circus".....	800
"Spanish Good Friday".....	1,100
D. Y. Cameron:	
"Tolbooth".....	910

"Ben Lomond".....	1,500
"Winchester Cathedral".....	800
"The Five Sisters, York Minster".....	3,200
F. L. Griggs:	
"The Almonry".....	675
McBey:	
"Penance".....	1,350
"Ebb Tide".....	1,550
"Dawn: The Camel Patrol setting out".....	2,500
"Gamrie".....	1,800
"Barcarolle".....	1,025
Blampied:	
"Reflections".....	150
"Driving Home in the Rain".....	310

An etching by Whistler may be sold for two or three thousand dollars, and those who do not understand the reason may think that *all* etchings of Whistler will be worth similar amounts. This would not be true of any one artist, be he an old or a contemporary master. It is only the great plates—the masterpieces—of any etcher which bring the highest prices, and every plate from the needle of an etcher, however renowned he may be, is not a masterpiece, be it Rembrandt, Whistler or McBey.





ARNOLD THOLINX (1656)

REMBRANDT



DAWN: THE CAMEL PATROL SETTING OUT

JAMES McBEY





DRIVING HOME IN THE RAIN

EDMUND BLAMPIED

If an analysis is made of all the plates of a great etcher (for instance, Rembrandt, the greatest of all), it will be found that out of some three hundred plates only about a quarter are considered as his great achievements, and of these can be picked out the masterpieces, to name a few: "The Goldweighers' Field," "The Hundred Guilder" print, "The Three Trees," "Rembrandt Leaning on a Stone Sill," "Landscape with Ruined Tower," "Arnold Tholinx," "Jan Six," "Lutma," "Haaring the Elder," "Doctor Faustus," "Three Crosses," "Christ Before Pilate."

The same will apply to the work of other great etchers. Of Seymour Haden, perhaps the plates which above all stand out as masterpieces are: "Bye Road in Tipperary," "Sunset in Ireland," "Sheremill Pond," "Thames Fisherman" and "Breaking up the Agamemnon." The proportion might roughly be the great plates probably two to five times as many as the masterpieces, and the lesser plates probably from five to ten times as many as the great plates.

Apart from the figures already mentioned for Rembrandt "Six" and "Tholinx," prices

ranging anywhere from five to twenty thousand dollars would have to be paid for the other Rembrandt masterpieces, if, of course, of superb quality and condition. But of the remaining two hundred and fifty Rembrandt plates many of the less important ones are worth only a few dollars. It must be remembered, however, that Rembrandt made his etchings in the middle of the seventeenth century, and many other factors beyond preservation and rarity enter into the value, all of which are true, too, with regard to the work of contemporary etchers.

The quality of the impression is of first consideration and importance, which means that the proof has been well printed—on the right paper, from the plate before it had become too much worn. Some of the finest Rembrandts are on Japanese paper. It is well to remember that wear of the plate takes place through the friction of wiping and the pressure of going between the rollers of the press, and of greater consequence in the case of a drypoint than of an etching.

Condition is next. Being free from any blemish in the way of being rubbed, torn, or repaired, or margins cut down to or within



the plate mark, the latter being very detrimental to value.

Rarity, and early state, too, will frequently enhance the value, though not in all cases, as it is quality which really counts and, generally speaking, an "early state" of the plate means a proof from the plate at its best, before wear has taken place in sufficient degree to weaken the lines. In some cases a second or third state may be better than a first, as the plate may have reached a more mature and beautiful stage than in an earlier state.

It is only within the last forty years or so that it has become customary for the etcher to sign each impression, in either ink or pencil, in addition to any signature or monogram etched into the plate itself. So that if an impression of a plate of one of the contemporary etchers should come into your hands without a signature, you may be certain that there is no value to such an impression. To illustrate: Sir D. Y. Cameron's "Amboise," if unsigned, was printed from the steel-faced plate and published by the *Studio*. This does not apply to Whistler, Seymour Haden or Legros, however, as much of their earlier work was done before it was customary to sign each impression. Whistler's French and Thames sets are instances of this, and the fact that a "Black Lion Wharf" is unsigned will not detract from its value; but, on the other hand, proofs of the Venice set were always signed with the butterfly; though as an exception to this, about twelve proofs of the "Beggars" were printed by Goulding two years after Whistler's death to fill an obligation due to the Fine Art Society. These prints, though not worth one-fifth of those signed and printed by Whistler, yet will bring about \$500.

When it is realized that most etchings are originally published at prices ranging from \$20 to \$75, those who had the opportunity to acquire them at that time can now look back on a most profitable investment, besides the all-important fact of the enjoyment which the print itself has given while hanging on the wall, in itself a sufficient investment. So the judicious print buyer has the two-fold dividend which cannot be said of any other form of investment.

But you may say: "I am not a rich man and cannot afford to pay a thousand dollars or more for an etching; I can spend only



THE FIVE SISTERS, YORK MINSTER  
D. Y. CAMERON  
ETCHING TOUCHED WITH DRY-POINT

twenty or thirty dollars three or four times a year." Such a collector has infinite possibilities before him; he can select work at the published price—\$20 to \$40—of some of the contemporary etchers, whose work is sound and has real merit, so that it in turn will increase in value. The editions are small and the plate destroyed (anything from fifteen to one hundred and fifty impressions), so the demand will soon exceed the supply, and the value will be enhanced.

Many of the living American etchers are doing excellent work which will steadily increase in value—in fact, has already done



so. The value of Benson's etchings is anything from \$100 to \$1,000, and it is possible to buy his new plates as published, some of which will even double in value in as little as three months. John Taylor Arms published "From the Ponte Vecchio" at \$25 about three years ago. Now, if you can find an impression, you have to pay over \$100 for it. His "Lace in Stone" published last fall for \$60 now brings \$250. Alfred Hutton a few months ago made two exquisite drypoint plates with editions of only fifteen (he thought the plates would not yield more than fifteen good impressions, so the plates were destroyed when that number had been printed) at \$40 each. "Birches"—probably the best plate he had yet made—what will it be worth in the near future? Fortunate the man who owns one, as he is getting full enjoyment and value for his money in this beautiful plate, quite apart from the large increased monetary value which the plate will certainly command.

Blampied, a farmer's son from one of the Channel Islands, is one of the most promising of the young English etchers—a great master of line, that free, flowing facile line only to be found in an etching; his plates are

beginning to increase in value, many being worth as much as six times their published prices in only a few years, and one, "Driving Home in the Rain," brings at auction in London \$300.

Among the contemporary etchers whose work is widely known and sought after can be mentioned the following: Cadwallader Washburn, Joseph Gray, Louis C. Rosenberg, Childe Hassam, Martin Hardie, Arthur Briscoe, Livia Kadar, Gordon Warlow, and an etcher from the West, whose work is not yet widely known in the East—Roi Partridge. And of course the work of Joseph Pennell will always stand out as one of the milestones of American etching.

Etchings, quite apart from their eventual monetary value, are well worth owning, as they give endless satisfaction and enjoyment, and any whose eye may fall upon this will find the study of etchings one of the most worth-while hobbies and one which does not command "second-hand prices" when you want to change or enlarge your collection. The "second-hand price" of an original etching is better than the accumulation of compound interest. Collecting etchings is more than a hobby—a sport.



WILLOWLAND

ROI PARTRIDGE

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN PRINTS  
VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON  
MAY-JUNE, 1929



# HOW MUSEUMS CAN MOST WISELY DISPOSE OF SURPLUS MATERIAL<sup>1</sup>

BY ROBERT W. DE FOREST

President, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and President of The American Federation of Arts

THE recent auction sale of surplus material by the Metropolitan Museum of Art has excited wide interest and provoked some criticism.

It is evident that our public museums have to meet a new problem. Hitherto their chief effort has been to acquire. Now many of them must begin to disperse. The older ones have reached the limit of exhibition space. Some have even reached the limit of storage space. And there are constant accessions, both by gifts which cannot wisely be declined, and by purchases which the larger resources of our museums enable them to make. Moreover, the museums are following the example of private collectors by "weeding out." Whenever able to obtain the better, they are discarding the poorer. Sometimes it is being done reluctantly for sentimental reasons. Sometimes it has been done at the loss of a friend, who resents the withdrawal from exhibition of a once honored gift. But it must be done.

Nor is it only a matter of limited space. In the case of a private collector the "weeding out" process need involve nothing more than change of taste. In the case of a public museum it becomes a matter of duty. In both cases it involves selection of what to show and how to show it. The private collector need only follow his own whim. The public museum must follow the accepted canons of taste.

Museums, as well as collectors, are beginning to recognize the wisdom of the Japanese guide who stated his views all the more forcibly because of the primitive character of his English: "The beauty," he explained, "is not in the numerosity of quantity." Hence the new problem of dispersion. And the faster the growth of our museums the greater and more difficult that problem.

Nor is it a problem confined to art museums. It concerns natural history museums, historical societies, and every insti-

tution whose function is to collect and preserve.

Parenthetically, we may ask ourselves, "Why have our museums accepted that for which they can now find no use and which they must dispose of?" It is no real criticism upon their past management that they have done so. In the beginning they could not wisely refuse anything, they must perforce make friends by accepting gifts, even under conditions which they now find burdensome and detrimental. Often it was only by accepting such conditions that they could receive the gifts. That they must now dispose of some of these gifts is no necessary criticism of an original acceptance.

What this Museum has done should be clearly stated. It is to sell at public auction the surplus accumulation of over fifty years. Much of the criticism of its action is undoubtedly due to misconception of what it has classed as surplus material. It has not sold anything which could be utilized for educational purposes in its study rooms or elsewhere. It has not sold anything which will be acceptable on loan by other museums or institutions. It has not sold any gift to which any condition has been attached, and it has many gifts of this character, the acceptance of which seems now to have been unwise. It has not sold any gift the return of which it has not sought to offer to the donor.

There can be no question as to the legal right of the museum to sell anything belonging to it either as the result of unconditional gift or purchase. But the Museum has not rested upon this legal right. It has accorded to every donor the right to take back his gift if he so desires. At infinite pains it has searched out the present whereabouts of donors, or, in the event of their death, the whereabouts of their executors and has given everyone who could be reached the opportunity of the return of his gift.

<sup>1</sup> A paper prepared for presentation at the annual convention of The American Federation of Arts and the American Association of Museums, Philadelphia, Pa., May 22-25, 1929.

This explanation of what the Metropolitan Museum of Art has done to meet this new problem of dispersal is not stated by way of defense, but so that the issue, if it be one, can be defined and also as introductory to the mention of every other method of dispersal which was considered. For the solution of this problem was given very careful consideration by our trustees and officers and determined only after careful consideration of every method proposed.

Perhaps it is well to look at this subject from a different angle and from the angle which every other museum will be ultimately, if not now, constrained to look at it. Necessarily, action could not wait in abeyance—something had to be done, some decision had to be reached. Let us consider all methods which were suggested either by our critics or by ourselves.

First, burn them up. This was suggested in the press. I personally object to the bonfire process as wasteful. Nothing should be destroyed which has value or utility to anyone.

Another suggestion was to give to other museums. This was a very attractive one, if free from objections, but it raised numerous questions. To what other museums? How many museums would welcome the cast-off clothes of the Metropolitan? Suppose some of them would, which museums should be preferred? If the Metropolitan selected those to be thus favored, would not other museums, which were not favored, have a right to complain of unjust discrimination? What would be the attitude of donors if the Metropolitan, without reference to their wishes, allocated to itself the transfer of their gifts to other museums? This was one consideration upon which the Metropolitan decided to offer to return gifts to donors. By adopting this policy of return, donors would have the opportunity to recapture. Donors would have the right either to retain such gifts themselves or to give them to any museum of their choice, and the Metropolitan could not be accused of any discrimination. These questions related to gifts.

Other questions related to objects purchased. Purchases would have been made from money given to the Museum for its use. To give to other museums objects so purchased would be tantamount to giving Metropolitan money to other museums. Would not this, in a sense at least, be a

breach of trust? By what right could the Metropolitan give to other museums money received by it for its own purposes? While giving surplus material, whether acquired by gift or purchased with gifts of money, would be within the legal right of the Metropolitan, would such a policy, if adopted, be within its moral obligation and would it be expedient as likely to encourage future gifts of either kind—would not past donors have a right to feel aggrieved at such a diversion of their gifts and would they not be unlikely to repeat them?

Another suggestion was that surplus material should be loaned to other museums or public institutions. By all means, to whatever extent such loans are acceptable. By lending, a museum does not part with ownership—loans can always be recalled, possession can be regained if there be reason for regaining it. To lend what would otherwise be kept in storage is in one sense only an extension of storage space and in another sense utilizing that extended storage space for the public good.

The Metropolitan for many years has adopted to the fullest extent the policy of lending. It has lent to our branch public libraries; it has lent to our public schools. It has made up exhibitions which are circulated through The American Federation of Arts and have gone to every part of the country. No material acceptable for lending has been classed as surplus material subject to disposition by sale.

But the policy of loaning involves willingness to receive loans, and it has happened that even some of the best loan exhibitions which the Metropolitan could provide have been declined.

If some other or better methods for American museums to dispose of surplus material can be suggested, one purpose of this paper will have been attained.

Consideration of this subject naturally leads to some principles in accepting gifts which may be more widely adopted by our American museums. These may be summarized as follows:

*Do not accept gifts not likely to be permanently useful either for exhibition, instruction or lending.*

*Do not accept gifts which may not be returned to the donors without exciting objection and criticism.*



*Above all, do not accept gifts with conditions attached which will prevent or embarrass the future development of the Museum. Conditions of this character are: (1) perpetual exhibition anywhere, in any location, (2) perpetual grouping together, (3) perpetual exhibition in a particular gallery.*

The chief objection to such conditions does not relate to those which were attached for only a limited time or can be released for sufficient reason by some continually existent

authority, but to those which are irremovable.

It is not an unworthy ambition for a donor to wish to perpetuate his memory by such conditions. I have frequently met donors who insisted on our accepting such conditions as the only terms on which they were willing to give. But I have never except in one instance found a donor who did not, on explanation, agree to the wisdom of omitting such conditions.



MADONNA AND CHILD

BY FRANCIA

INCLUDED IN HAMILTON COLLECTION NOW ON VIEW AT THE NEWARK MUSEUM



GRAY DAY, ARIZONA

JESSIE BENTON EVANS

## AN ARTIST OF THE SALT RIVER VALLEY

BY FLORENCE SEVILLE BERRYMAN

DESERT" still means, to the majority of us, just one thing: the Sahara type, vast wastes of sand, utterly devoid of vegetation save at 'the rare oases, broiling sun, blinding glare, desolation. But there is altogether another kind of desert in our own southwest, a desert of which Arizona seems to have the monopoly, glowing with all the colors of the rainbow, blossoming with weird, beautiful growths which the layman is at a loss to classify, so little help is afforded him by his acquaintance with familiar trees, flowers and shrubs.

This is the desert which is reflected in the paintings of Jessie Benton Evans, who lives in the very midst of it, knows and loves it as a cherished friend, introduced to her through adversity. Born in Akron, Ohio, she began to study painting in her childhood; later at the Art Institute of Chicago under William M. Chase, Albert Herter, Lawton Parker, Vanderpoel and Frank Duveneck. Subsequently she studied under Zanetti Zilla in Venice. Some years later she was a member of Charles W. Hawthorne's summer class.

For a number of years, Mrs. Evans lived abroad, chiefly in Italy, the eternal inspiration of artists, and painted in Venice, Verona, Florence and Naples, exhibiting at the Paris Salon and enjoying the association of other artists of many nations and the rich evidences of ancient civilizations. Upon her return to this country, she made her home in Chicago, becoming identified with its large colony of artists.

Shortly before the war, it was suggested that she spend some time on the Arizona desert as a precaution against a threatened serious illness. It is easy to realize how desolate it must have looked to one accustomed to great cities and the green landscape of the east; how much of a prison it must have appeared, with no immediate prospect of release; an exile from the association of kindred spirits, for few artists have sojourned in the Salt River Valley.

But miracles happen in Arizona; the warm, dry air in a few months entirely restored her health so that she was free to return to Chicago; but the lure of the desert was too





SQUAW PEAK, ARIZONA

JESSIE BENTON EVANS



SUPERSTITION

JESSIE BENTON EVANS

strong to permit of any lengthened stay in that city. Her son and his family, after several visits, also fell under its incredible spell, and they all decided to make it their permanent home. Mrs. Evans's own words best express the change of viewpoint, a personal philosophy developing from enforced isolation.

"I think that real beauty exists where we least expect it, in an unrevealed sense, disclosing itself only as we earnestly search for it, thus stimulating our creative faculties. The desert seems to me always alluring and illusive; its spirit is sweeping and vital and its voices form a chorus of endless song. It never allows one to work in an imitative way, which would certainly rob it of its charm. There is a virgin freshness in the hills and barely trodden trails of the southwest that one misses in tired, worn Europe."

Those who respond to the desert's miracle are enabled to work miracles with their own hands, as witness Phoenix, the capital city of Arizona, which would be a credit to Florida or some other southern section with abundant tropical vegetation. Mrs. Evans enclosed a strip of primitive desert at the foot of Camelback Mountain, a few miles outside of Phoenix, built a spacious villa with an Italian court, and planted a grove of oranges, figs and pomegranates. Achieving the quick maturity common to all desert growth, this little estate has now, after a few years the appearance of some old bit of the Riviera, transplanted intact to the desert.

Albert Groll was perhaps the first artist to become identified with the Arizona desert; he has frequently painted its cloud effects, its rock formations and its feeling of illimitable space. Jessie Evans's interpretations of the desert seem friendlier, less lonely and forbidding. Broadly handled and predominantly in a high key, they faithfully portray the countless moods and aspects of an ever-changing landscape. Color is the most impressive feature of her paintings, as of the desert itself. The mountains which are a part of every Arizona desert picture rise up grotesquely on all sides, largely devoid of vegetation, so that they appear a rich reddish-brown when one is close to them, yellowish plum at a greater distance, and a whole gamut of shades from pale blue to deep purple under evening skies. Camelback

is well named, crouching in the desert like a great beast, with a phenomenally "life-like" profile even to the eyes, formed in just the right place by a large cave which penetrates the mountain. This strange formation appears frequently in Jessie Evans's paintings, for she has only to look from her window to see it. She portrays other mountains equally familiar to residents of the Salt River Valley: "Four Peaks," gateway to the Roosevelt Dam, so lofty and distant that they appear to be always a delicate blue; Squaw Peak; Superstition, architectural in shape, like a cooperative apartment house for a race of giants.

The Indians tell a strange tale of Superstition (which they call "Wee-Kit-Sour-Ah," "Rock Looking Up"), at the foot of which dwelt, in the days before history, a tribe supposed to be the ancestors of the Mohave-Apache. This tribe was very small, boasting only fifteen fighting braves, who augmented their tribal wealth by occasional raids upon the richer and more numerous Pima and Maricopa tribes. When all the Mohave braves had left their village at Superstition, a band of two hundred or more Pimas and Maricopas descended upon the defenseless old people, women and children, carried the latter off as captives, killed the rest and devastated everything, firing the sage-brush on their way out of the canyon. But before they got out, the returning Mohaves, ascertaining the tragedy from the top of Superstition, let fly such a storm of arrows and huge boulders that every one of the enemy band was killed, without so much as seeing a Mohave above them. The Pima and Maricopa tribes never believed that only fifteen Mohaves could annihilate two hundred of their own warriors; Evil Spirits alone could do so. So it is that to this day they cannot be bribed to climb Superstition, for it is said one hears sighs and groans wafted down on every breeze from its caves and precipitous crevices.

The High School of Mesa, Arizona, owns one of Jessie Evans's paintings of Superstition. Others are in the possession of Mrs. Frank Lowden of Chicago and Mrs. William H. Wanamaker of Merion, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Cyrus H. K. Curtis of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, owns "Morning in the Canyon"; and Mrs. Percival Lowell of Boston has two of these desert paintings.





COTTONWOODS, ARIZONA

JESSIE BENTON EVANS

The Grand Canyon of Arizona has, of course, been painted countless times, and by many artists. Mrs. Evans has spent months living and painting on its brink; it is in itself, she declares, more than a life's work for any artist even to approach. "I constantly watch the cloud shadows play over the rocks," she says, "leaving veils of pinks, blues, greens and all the varying shades of the spectrum colors." Dudley Crafts Watson, noted painter, teacher and extension lecturer of the Art Institute of Chicago, said of one of her paintings of the canyon that it was the best rendition of the subject he had ever seen. Of her Arizona canvases as a group he said, "Mrs. Evans has found something new to say and is saying it in color in a big, beautiful, truthful way." Whether it is true or not that the complete story of geology can be read in the Grand Canyon, it is certain that every color visible to the human eye can be found in that colossal chasm, and, one is confident, most of them are transferred to Mrs. Evans's paintings.

Seeing her work for the first time, one unacquainted with the southwest might consider these paintings some strange new manifestation of Modernism, with their array of weird growths: the barrel cactus, looking like a giant spine-covered cucumber; the saguaro, resembling nothing in the world, a sort of prickly, pale green obelisk with one or more arms sprouting crazily from it in any direction, and in spring covered at every tip with waxen blossoms, the size and color of white water lilies; the little Indian paintbrush; dipped in crimson; thorny mesquite with its pale golden flowers; delicate pink ironwood; yucca, topheavy with its cluster of white bells; occatilla holding out scarlet flowers on its spiny arms; elfin-blue larkspur; purple mariposa lilies; prickly pear with its silky orange bloom, and so on, ad infinitum. Nature was in a jesting mood when she created the Arizona desert: she caricatured all the familiar things that grow, then flung a full-laden palette at them. Mrs. Evans paints them all; but the cottonwood bordering the streams seems to her the most beauti-



CAMELBACK, ARIZONA

JESSIE BENTON EVANS

ful, with great knarled trunks and delicate foliage of a bright green. Her portraits of the desert, once seen, are not forgotten, as the following incident illustrates. A lecturer at the Art Institute of Chicago was showing an exhibition of paintings to a group of students, and when she came to William Wendt's "Dry Arroyo" one of the students piped up, "Is that by Mrs. Evans?"—evidence that she had remembered from the year before, this artist's name coupled with her ability to paint the desert.

Jessie Benton Evans, dean of the artists in the Salt River Valley, is a prophet honored even in her own land. She has been the recipient of the first landscape prize on two occasions, and the second portrait prize at the Arizona State Fair, and first prize at the Phoenix Municipal Exposition. The Municipal Collection, the Country Club and the Arizona Club of Phoenix and the Municipal Collection of Akron, Ohio, all own one or more examples of her work. She is represented also in the collections of the College

Club and the Vanderpoel Art Association of Chicago, and of the Public School Art Societies of Chicago, Phoenix and Mesa, Arizona. Many private collectors in Chicago, Boston, New York, Washington and elsewhere have become acquainted with Arizona through ownership of one or more of her paintings.

But it is not only by these that Mrs. Evans spreads the gospel of beauty. She frequently lectures before the Woman's Club, the art departments of Phoenix public schools, and similar organizations. And, what is even more important, she has raised the standard of beautiful surroundings in her community by the force of her own example. Have not the Chinese an old proverb to the effect that it is the flight of the wild duck which leads its flock to fairer marshes? Phoenix began its existence like most other desert cities, an ugly collection of shacks marring the landscape. In time these were replaced by miscellaneous examples of architecture of all periods, types and materials.



In her own home and gardens, Mrs. Evans made manifest the extreme suitability of southern European architecture and adaptations of it, to the climate of the Salt River Valley, and thus gave impetus to the efforts of isolated architects to bring architectural unity to Phoenix. An officer of

the Phoenix Fine Arts Association confided to the writer that Jessie Evans had done more than any other single person toward making Arizona's capital a city to inspire pride in its residents. Such achievement honors the artist, and such influence must endure.

## JOHN RUSKIN AND WALTER PACH: DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH

BY WILLIAM HOWE DOWNES

THERE have been few writers on art so much discussed and so influential among certain classes of readers as John Ruskin. In the middle of the nineteenth century he was, to a host of his contemporaries in England, a guide, leader and mentor whose authority was not questioned and whose eloquence and ardor were almost irresistible. He was earnest, voluble, and firmly convinced of the absolute justice of his views. There was a note of fiery evangelism in his utterances; he felt with uncommon fervor the relations between aesthetics and ethics; and therefore much of his critical writing took the form of preaching. He was capable of saying wise things and preposterous things on the same page, and for this reason it is difficult to determine fairly to what degree his wisdom outweighed his errors. His dogmatism repels while his sincerity attracts. There is an old proverb to the effect that where there is much smoke there must be some fire. So many English and American readers of Ruskin's works have been led to give serious thought to the fine arts through his influence that, in spite of his annoying idiosyncrasies, he is a figure that cannot be disregarded. Probably his books are not so much read now as they were some sixty years ago; probably they are not considered very seriously by artists at the present time; nevertheless he has a following, a loyal and sympathetic following.

A careful perusal of any one of his more important books, such as the "Stones of Venice," will reveal the paradoxical fact that there is a great deal in his work that is sound and fine, together with a great deal that is violent, prejudiced and fallacious. In his

mind every work of art is either holy or base. Every artist is either a saint or a devil. He knows no middle ground, no compromise, no golden mean. In a book on the "Elements of Drawing," addressed especially to young students, he set down the names of the painters who might be safely admired and a list of books which his readers might safely possess! He said that in the picture galleries his young readers might look at the works of Titian, Veronese, Tintoret, Giorgione, John Bellini and Velasquez "with trust in their being always right"—an assurance which must have been very comforting. Then, secondly, he gave his disciples permission to look with admiration ("admitting, however, question of right or wrong") at the works of Van Eyck, Holbein, Perugino, Francia, Angelico, Leonardo, Correggio, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, and the modern Pre-Raphaelites. A list as curious for what it omits as for what it contains, but the most curious thing is that it should have been made at all. Just think of the presumption of a man who was capable of laying down the law in this way regarding a matter so very delicate and debatable.

But he goes on to say to his young readers: "You had better look at no other pictures than these." And he gives as his reason that they might be led astray; they might run the risk of being led into grievous faults "by some of the other great ones," namely, by Michelangelo, Raphael and Rubens. Still more carefully to be avoided if possible is the chance of being corrupted in taste by the *base ones*, Murillo, Salvator, Claude, Gaspar Poussin, Teniers, and such others; while for "examples of evil" unmitigated

and hopeless he mentions Domenichino, the Caracci, Bronzino, and others. To cap the climax this paragraph is added:

"... You cannot look too much at nor grow too enthusiastically fond of Angelico, Correggio, Reynolds, Turner, and the Pre-Raphaelites; but if you find yourself getting especially fond of any of the others, leave off looking at them, for you must be going wrong some way or other. If, for instance, you begin to like Rembrandt or Leonardo especially, you are losing your feeling for color; if you like Van Eyck or Perugino especially, you must be getting too fond of rigid detail; and if you like Van Dyck or Gainsborough especially, you must be too much attracted by gentlemanly flimsiness."

Really, one would think that the young students were in danger of liking something too much. But the whole of this chapter of advice is too absurd to be taken seriously. In fact it seems incredible that a man who knew so much, had so many good ideas, and accomplished so much in the way of influencing his generation, should have been capable of promulgating such puerile nonsense. It is nothing less than silly to tell boys and girls what pictures they may safely admire and what books they may safely read. It is still more foolish to claim infallibility for even the greatest painters. But the acme of pedantry is reached when young people are seriously counseled not to look at any other pictures than those by a small number of chosen masters. It is such aesthetic priggishness as this that neutralizes much that is sagacious and admirable in Ruskin's writings and invalidates his authority.

The characteristic mixture of aspiration, fine moral feeling, and piety, with confusion of issues and phariseism, which makes Ruskin so irritating and so hard to place, appears in this passage from one of his lectures delivered at Oxford University in 1870:

"... Hitherto, great artists, though always gentlemen, have yet been too exclusively craftsmen. Art has been less thoughtful than we supposed; it has taught much, but much, also, falsely. Many of the greatest pictures are enigmas; others, beautiful toys; others, harmful and corrupting toys. In the loveliest there is something weak; in the greatest there is something guilty. And this, gentlemen, if you will, is the new thing that may come to pass—that the scholars of

England may resolve to teach also with the power of the arts; and that some among you may so learn and use them that pictures may be painted which shall not be enigmas any more, but open teachings of what cannot otherwise be so well shown; which shall not be fevered or broken visions any more, but shall be filled with the indwelling light of self-possessed imagination; which shall not be stained or enfeebled any more by evil passions, but glorious with the strength and chastity of noble human love; and which shall no more degrade or disguise the work of God in heaven, but testify of Him as here dwelling with men, and walking with them, not angry, in the garden of the earth."

Very fine sentiments, truly, but it is to be feared we must wait a long while for the scholars of England or any other country to produce masterpieces of such an impeccable nature as to overshadow the Old Masters, weak, guilty, corrupt, enigmatic, and generally devilish as they are. Commenting on this passage, John La Farge shrewdly remarked that there was with Ruskin a certainty that everything can be divided into wrong and right, and that the processes of the Last Judgment can always be applied by us finite beings. Reminding his readers that Ruskin's long and laborious work has no authority with artists, La Farge went on to say that Ruskin's mind, which was "thoroughly respectable and middle-class," was incapable of supposing itself in error. The error at the base of Ruskin's thought was that he asked of art to teach us as science does and to uplift us as does religion or morality. "It is difficult," wrote La Farge, "to disentangle the lines of error in Mr. Ruskin's thoughts. The anxiety to hit hard, to assert himself and his views, was so great that he has never been able, as I can remember, to state anything, however true or valuable or noble, without some singular disturbing error."

It is true that Ruskin frequently departed from the principle of temperance which he laid down for others; his tendency to be over-emphatic is a blemish, and arose in part from his fluency and his addiction to the contrivance of resounding periods. The worst thing about his style is his "fine writing," yet nothing that he achieved has been more admired. Now it happens that rhetoric is the deadly foe of moderation and under-



statement. Ruskin was a prodigious phrase-maker. His description of Turner's "Slave Ship" is a famous example. Some of the sentences ring like sonorous phrases from the old Hebrew prophets:

"... The torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night."

"... A low broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm."

So long as this lyricism is spontaneous, a natural outcome of sincere enthusiasm, there can be no objection to it; indeed, it is welcome and enjoyable, but where there is evidently an effort to make an effect, when the ardor or the partisanship of the writer leads him to heights of gush and extravagance, one is forced to distrust his judicial power of discrimination. No doubt many of the most flagrant heresies of "Modern Painters" were due to the immaturity of the author, and could be condoned on account of youthful exuberance and intolerance. In the attempt to exalt Turner he used the methods of the most unscrupulous partisanship, and piled one superlative upon another. Turner was the only painter who had ever drawn the sky "perfectly and universally." Turner was the only painter who had ever drawn a mountain or a stone. Turner was the only painter who ever drew the stem of a tree, who had ever represented the surface of calm or the force of agitated water. Turner was the only painter who had represented the effects of space on distant objects, or who had rendered the abstract beauty of natural color. The more one knew about nature, the more one admired Turner's veracity and insight; on the other hand, those who failed to be convinced of his superiority were the shallow, the vulgar and the dull.

All this has the earmarks of youth; but Ruskin always continued to manifest much of the same temper of dogmatic extravagance and bluster. He could see no two sides to any question; he seldom used any qualifications; and much of his critical work is characterized by invidious comparisons between his favorites and his *bêtes noires*. He could not extol Turner without disparaging Claude Lorraine. He promulgated the theory that the prevailing colors of Rembrandt's palette connoted vulgarity. Now, to fail to appreciate Rembrandt is a signal catastrophe in an art

critic's record; it constitutes a fatal flaw in his make-up, denoting a calamitous lack of perception. One can better understand a degree of indifference with respect to the Dutch Little Masters, though that is hard to account for. But to ignore the supreme things that Rembrandt stands for in pictorial art is a heresy so monumental as to be beyond conception. This alone would be enough to justify La Farge's declaration that Ruskin has no authority with artists.

And the main reason for this is not that Ruskin was a bundle of personal prejudices. No man is entirely unbiased. A perfectly impartial critic, if such a being were possible, would be as dry as last year's almanac. No; one rather relishes Ruskin's frequent outbursts of spleen; one expects and does not object to occasional diversion in the line of Turner mania. The reading of a volume of Ruskin is at once an adventure and a discipline. What bores the reader most, or amuses him most, according to his temperament, are the passages in which evangelistic zeal takes possession of the author, who then begins to preach, threaten and exhort, with resounding quotations from the Old Testament, calling down the wrath of the Almighty on the heads of the base; that is, those artists whom Ruskin disliked or failed to understand. In some moods the reader may get enjoyment out of this stuff, which is novel to us of the present generation, being couched in terms that smack of the pulpit of a dissenters' chapel.

The "Stones of Venice" is a characteristic performance in that it discusses a little of everything, with the customary alternations of sanity and insight on the one hand and specious argument and tiresome vituperation on the other hand. Ruskin was obsessed by the idea that all that is evil, base, and contrary to good morals was due to the false ideals of the Renaissance, and he was never tired of denouncing, anathematizing and flagellating the artists who were mainly responsible for this crime. He held that the whole mass of the architecture founded on Greek and Roman models was utterly devoid of life, virtue, honor, or "the power of doing good." It was *base* (his favorite expression), unnatural, impious, detestable. It was pagan in its origin, proud and unholy in its revival, and paralyzed in its old age; he demanded that it should be cast

out, done away with, obliterated. Whatever had any connection with the five orders, Doric, Ionic, Tuscan, Corinthian or Composite, whatever had any relation with Vitruvian laws or any resemblance to Palladian work was no more to be tolerated.

It is always interesting to see how good a case can be made out by a special pleader, and this is the only interest or significance that attaches to such a futile and misleading thesis as the volume in question. Partisanship and half-truths, however plausibly clothed in resounding periods, defeat their own ends and cause the reader to distrust the equity of the oracle. Mr. La Farge's scathing observation, that Ruskin was never able to state anything, however true or valuable or noble, without some singular disturbing error, appears to be as true as it is severe.

However, when Ruskin was able to forget momentarily his pet theories, he was inspired to write such just and veracious passages as the following:

"The whole function of the artist in the world is to be a seeing and feeling creature; to be an instrument of such tenderness and sensitiveness that no shadow, no hue, no line, no instantaneous and evanescent expression of the visible things around him, nor any of the emotions which they are capable of conveying to the spirit which has been given him, shall either be left unrecorded or fade from the book of record. It is not his business to think, to judge, to argue, or to know. His place is neither in the closet, nor on the bench, nor at the bar, nor in the library. They are for other men and other work. . . . The work of his life is to be two-fold only: to see, to feel."

He did not always remember this. It is gratifying to find that he could be so inconsistent. Indeed, the chief interest that is to be taken in his writings at the present time is entirely a subjective interest. We do not read him now to be instructed so much as to be stirred to opposition and irritated into mental activity by his perversity. But he is interesting as a temperamental phenomenon. The very enormity of some of his excesses is diverting. What an amazing contrast to the poise, the sobriety, the modesty of the critics whose judgments are accepted by the world!

In our time, nearly a century after the publication of Ruskin's "Modern Painters," another art critic, who, though of an entirely

different type and with different ideals and standards, manifests some strikingly analogous traits and employs some of the very same methods, brings out a book for the purpose of denouncing the false artist and his counterfeit product. The writer in question, Walter Pach, calls his work "Ananias, or the False Artist," and in it he sets aside the goats on the one hand and the sheep on the other, quite in the Ruskinian manner. Among the elect are Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Matisse, Derain, Picasso, Seurat, Manet, Renoir, Monet. Among the damned are Gérôme, Sargent, Alma-Tadema, Zuloaga, Bonnat, Besnard, Meissonier, Lenbach, Stuck, and a score of others less known to fame. There is much that is entertaining in this volume; it is not at all dull, nor is it altogether unjust. The author is seldom intentionally unfair. To his honest admiration for the Post-Impressionists one can offer no objections. Nor can one be surprised that a sophisticated artist with a strong leaning towards modernism should be bored by academic work. So much may be said in recognition of Mr. Pach's merits as a critic. But is it not strange that he, with the advantage of a twentieth century background, should be as unable to perceive any good in his *false artists* as he is to see any defects in his favorites? The men discussed by him are, in his view, either altogether good or altogether bad; there is no middle ground, no qualification. His *false artists* are hopeless, just as much so as Ruskin's *base artists*. The truth is that, with all his knowledge of art, Mr. Pach writes like a man who is temperamentally a partisan. From the evidence in his book one would be inclined to say that his mental attitude towards the academic painters whom he dislikes is not so much that of a judicial observer as of an antagonist. True, he disclaims this; he states that his watchword has been moderation; but many passages of his text go to confute the disclaimer.

In another place he avers that it is no pleasure to dwell on the false artists; but what are we to think, then, of the harsh denunciations of which the greater part of this volume is composed? Surely one must be capable of amazing self-delusion to regard this sort of work as constructive criticism. No; whatever satisfaction there may be in sitting in the seat of the scornful belongs to



our author. It must be a grand and glorious feeling to be as sure as he seems to be of his own infallibility. In this respect he is the latterday counterpart of Mr. Ruskin. History repeats itself. Truly, as La Farge said of Ruskin, there is with this writer likewise a certainty that the processes of the Last Judgment can always be applied by us finite beings. Consider these remarks about Léon Bonnat: "One has only to look at his own *Job* . . . to know that it was not injustice but the fierce hatred in the breast of the witch-burner that made the man act as he did. All whom he voted for were the saved; all whom he voted against were the damned." But in what essential respect, we may ask, does Mr. Pach's procedure differ from M. Bonnat's? The warring of the schools still goes on, fierce hatreds still exist, and the guardians of the law, the high priests of the temple of art still profess, doubtless with sincerity, that they are acting in defense of the public weal when they pronounce the sentence of death or of banishment upon the victims of their wrath.

Where are we to look for even-handed justice, impartiality, open-mindedness, and temperance among contemporary art critics? Not, assuredly, from the advocates of modernism. In the back of their minds is always the thought that they must justify the extravagant claims they make for the importance of the modernist school, and they go about it not only by eulogizing their favorites but by disparaging the *false artists*, charging them not only with weakness and ineptitude but with betrayal of trust, mendacity, base motives, all sorts of moral turpitude. No one would wish to circumscribe the liberty of the critic to speak his mind frankly, but there is a limit beyond which the critic should not go. Ruskin went beyond that limit when he allowed himself to write of Whistler: "I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

But here we have a religious issue, according to Mr. Pach, who has gone back to poor old Ananias to point a moral; and it seems that Ananias was not only a liar but a man who betrayed a sacred trust. So, by implication, do the *false artists* sin. Mr. Ruskin also thought it was a religious issue. We all

know that there is a bigotry of aesthetics as well as of religious sects; we know how shamefully sectarians quarrel, abuse each other, and by doing so bring reproach upon their church and creed. Orthodoxy is my doxy. No doubt Mr. Pach would feel offended if he were to be accused of acting as the attorney for a school, or a propagandist; nevertheless it is quite evident that the prevailing tone of his book is distinctly sectarian.

As an instance of intolerance, the treatment of John Sargent is especially to be noticed. Was it not disingenuous to pick out one of the poorest examples of Sargent's work in America—the picture in the Worcester Art Museum—as a target, when there are so many Sargents far better than that in our museums? It is axiomatic that an artist should be judged by his best work. If the critic's sole aim had been to do justice to the man, he would hardly have singled out an inferior example for comment. And then there is that extraordinary passage in which Mr. Pach pays his disrespects to the mural painting in the Widener Library at Harvard, the "Marching Soldiers." The literature of art, though it contains not a few raw examples of contumelious language, might be searched in vain for a more flagrant case of verbal assault and battery. All the resources of a rich vocabulary of expressions of contempt were called into service, and the result is a veritable masterpiece of sarcasm. There is no occasion here to go into the merits of the case so far as the panel is concerned; we are now concerned only with the critic, not the painter. By an ironical rule of nature, the critic, in the act of commenting on the work of an artist, unconsciously gives the measure of himself. His opinion may or may not be right. What interests us finally in his writings is his own character and attainments—his sincerity, his wisdom, his charity, his loyalty to truth, his sensitiveness to beauty, and his sympathy for his fellowmen. He cannot injure any good thing; he cannot successfully exalt anything that is bad. He cannot command all knowledge and wisdom, and therefore he must be aware that he cannot be infallible. In view of these things he should be modest. Even Mr. Pach admits that "convictions as to art may be held with passionate sincerity and yet be mistaken."



HABITAT BACKGROUND

MORRILL HALL, UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

ELIZABETH DOLAN

## ELIZABETH DOLAN'S HABITAT BACK- GROUNDS FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

BY HOLMES SMITH

NEBRASKA is famous for, among other things, her state capitol and her elephants. But while the former is among the newest things in the state, being not yet complete, the elephants are among the oldest, being the fossil remains of creatures that roamed these parts when the world was very young. These fossils have been collected by the Department of Geology of the State University situated at Lincoln. So that to see the capitol building and the university collection of fossil elephants one must travel to the capital city.

The elephants have an ideal setting, for the hall in which they are assembled has been decorated by Miss Elizabeth Dolan,

herself a product of Lincoln, where her art education was begun. That part of Morrill Hall in which the collection is housed consists of a large room with end spaces 16 feet by 70 feet, and on these fields are spread the major portion of Miss Dolan's decorations. Other habitat backgrounds by the same hand adorn the adjoining walls and corridors.

For the purpose of her study of environment the artist has gone to the "bad lands" of Sioux and Dawes counties and Devil's Gulch in Brown county, all of her own state. It has been her purpose, however, to transport the spectator backward through the ages and to produce a feeling in keeping with





HABITAT BACKGROUND

ELIZABETH DOLAN

MORRILL HALL, UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

the subject. To secure this she has adopted a blond treatment of pure pale colors which at once gives the effect desired and also secures a fine decorative effect. Towering mountains, deep ravines, unscalable cliffs are portrayed, and beneath these browse the beasts whose fossil remains are to be suitably mounted in front of them. The fine result is due to a harmonious blending of science and art—to a cooperation between the department of geology under the direction of Professor Barbour and the art of Miss Dolan.

In the presence of these remains of the Proboscidae of Nebraska we naturally think of the mastodons painted on the cave walls of Font de Gaume or etched upon the ivory

of prehistoric tusks. So our artist has upon one panel introduced a scene of the cave artist at work surrounded by his family.

Elizabeth Honor Dolan's education, begun in the Art Department of the University of Nebraska, was continued at the Art Institute of Chicago and the Art Students' League and at the Fontainebleau School of Fine Arts. At the latter place she specialized in mural paintings and thus came under the influence of the work of the greatest modern master of the art. When Puvis de Chavannes undertook the decorations of the stairways of the museums of Lyons and of Amiens, of the hemicycle of the Sorbonne, of the Hotel de Ville in Paris, and of the great stairway at

the Boston Public Library he chose subjects whose atmosphere and environment were those of a primitive world peopled by primitive man. And most wonderfully has he created for us that atmosphere of the dawn of the civilized world. Something of this feeling has Miss Dolan caught in her rendering of the primitive world of the mam-

moth. Another quality of the mural work of Puvis is that it keeps its place upon the wall. Again we find Miss Dolan following the master, for the decorative backgrounds will stay in their places behind the principal exhibits. Miss Dolan's work also includes portraits, miniatures, paintings of animals and birds, and designing stained glass.



CAMPANILE—14th CENTURY, ST. VINCENT, ITALY

## OUT-OF-THE-WAY ART IN ITALY

BY FRANCES LANCE FERRERO

HE WHO traverses a land by automobile carries out of it a vivid sense of the road—the road as an entity associating hills and plains and towns like an artery among the parts of the human body; he carries the memory of wide orientation, of the relation of many distances to each other as well as

to himself, and of the continuity of people, as he whirls through a mass-production of their doings, one kind after another, from dawn to dark; and if he has not oversped or been undone by the magic or the meanness of a mechanism, there suffuses the memory that rich joy in scene and action which may





CASTLE OF USSEL, VALLEY OF AOSTA, ITALY

attain for him a scale of grandeur and identify its quality with the effect of a masterpiece of art. But for detail and the fine arts perceivable only by a respectful expenditure of time and stillness in their presence, he must go—must stand—on his feet.

Up in the Valley of Aosta in northwestern Italy, in spite of multitudes of Italians who linger and foreigners who hurry by, there is still a wealth of almost unsuspected art and much that, though seen, is too casually seen to be realized. It is when walking from the mineral springs on the hill above the main street of St. Vincent that one best understands the charm of its typically Lombard fourteenth century campanile; the automobilist's point of view is too low; the eye must be at middle height of the tower and see it backed against range upon range of jutting side valleys that debouch from distant peaks into the main valley as far in vista as the spire can point. Thence attracted by movement in the street, the eye instinctively follows the tower to its base

and becomes curious about the tidily trimmed little Romanesque apse, discovered on closer study to be as well preserved in its adorning frescoes as in its rotund body after a youth of more than a thousand years.

Farther up the main valley and a bit to the side of the travel-stream, the bell-tower of Arvier rivals the beauty of that of St. Orso in Aosta; but the Arvier tower is seldom enjoyed by others than its native parishioners, and I doubt if any of them has seen it as we did—from the vantage got by a scramble to the moss-green and slippery roof, behind it, so that its background was bold mountain ridges breaking through a wind-swept rain, the shapen stones answering the mountain, beauty and strength to strength, across the intervening storm.

Not far away, at the junction of the valleys Rhème and Savara, stands the castle of Introd (Entr'aux), a curious thirteenth century structure without and within, but for art we stop at the church and hay barn and granary of its fief. The nut-brown



GRANARY DOOR, CASTLE OF INTROD, VALLI DI RHIEME E SAVARANCHE, ITALY

carved choir screens and the insignia on the kneeling bench of the lord of the manor are shiny with centuries of sacristans' diligent dusting and still elegant in the preservation of their design and skillful execution. The hay barn, stone-walled and stone-pilastered, coeval with the castle, has its cross beams laid in artistic projection. The granary, probably a century later, has doors cut curved at the upper corners and is fortified by wrought-iron fixtures as handsome as

they are stupendous. If we could wish the barn over seas to our own homestead and were Samson enough to abduct the granary doors, we should remain country folk to the end of our days—we should have to, to hold on to our property!

Farther east, near the mouth of Val di Cogne, is a bit of unpremeditatedly lovely "community art," where the village of Pondel nestles trustingly at one end of the 43 A.D. Roman bridge (Pont d'Ael) at top





DETAIL OF CHOIR SCREEN, INTROD, VALLI DI RHEME E SAVARANCHE, ITALY

of the sheer 170-foot wall of the torrent. It is a picture to paint—with much precaution as to where and how painter and easel are planted—not to live in: “*una brutta cosa!*” (an ugly thing!)” shuddered the ancient man who directed us to the bridge. Was he thinking of the sharpness of winter as it drives down hard from the icy point of the Grivola, or did a child he had dreamed into greatness drop down that pitiless wall?

Again withdrawing eastward in the main

valley, we cross the Dora at Châtillon and toil up the winding path of stones to inspect that cery fortress, Ussel, the castle of Val d'Aosta that daily vanishes and reappears according to the changing lights of the day. Close at hand the artistic appeal lies in the ensemble. A veritable child's glee possesses us as we identify the scene with just such as staid German professors of drawing used to hand out to their less promising pupils to copy in their finishing school classes of young

ladies, while they gave original work and attention to star-performers; striated rocks, wind-swayed trees, grim rectangular walls and a giant mountain in perspective—all there in just the right light and shade and proportions. The next sheet should be Swiss peasants courting near a tumble-down chalet!

Out of the way, too, is the Manor House of Issogne, the gracefully curbed keel arch of whose main entrance door is the only exterior invitation to the artistic detail within. To stand in its courtyard is to experience that gratifying stimulus to the imagination which is roused by real art. Behind that tier of windows generations of fair châtelaines have paced the stairs. (Are not châtelaines always fair? They would walk stairs in those days; stair-climbing is good for heart action and good heart action is fine for the complexion, as was always the want of bright lights and central heating plants!) Is the ill-advised Countess Filiberta of Challant there? Does she loiter to peer upon the chosen groom of the escapade she is about to try and from which she will have "found no place of repentance," though long she will have "sought it carefully with tears"? My lady's picturesque page leans against the wall of the loggia up there by the lettered *Garderobe*, wishing himself free to sally forth with the knight and his attendants, who are gathering by the octagonal well curb and the wrought iron pomegranate tree "growing" in its center. The spell is yet upon us as we enter the baronial hall and remains unbroken even though we have heard that the carved wall seat is a replica and not the original. The simple greatness of the kitchen—well-drawn lines relieved by only an occasional corbel—consorts perfectly with the most gracious residence of those times and that region.

So it goes: in this cathedral a set of wonderfully beautiful chasubles; yonder a fresco to admire,—but we don our seven-league boots and stride out of the treasure valley!

I wonder how many of my fellow-countrymen have seen that precious "Book of the Dead" which is spread out upon a wall in the Egyptian Museum of Turin! Napoleon dropped it with most of the museum's contents when he was on the run back to France from Egyptian despoilings, and never could he get it over the Alps. The perfec-

tion of the drawing, lettering, coloring, the profuseness of illustration distinguish that papyrus as one of the most notable thus far discovered.

To Bergamo next—Bergamo rather aggrieved that its famous lineages of *intagliatori* and *intarsiatori* (wood-carvers and in-layers of colored woods) of the fifteenth to eighteenth centuries have failed of the meed of outside admiration accorded to those of Perugia, Bologna, Genova. The triptych *intarsio* of the kneeling bench in the Colleoni chapel is particularly remarkable. It is somewhat scratched, disadvantageously to the photographer, but for the eye it retains the pictures of the Hebrews finding Wells of Water, Titus conquering Jerusalem, and Rebecca receiving Gifts from Abraham, as Colleoni ordered them and Caniana created them in 1470. Colleoni was given to ordering; he ordered the sacristy of Santa Maria Maggiore out of the way to make room for his chapel, and, after he had ordered his hireling troops around so long that he felt his end near, he ordered masses said for his knight-errant soul. So well did he endow them and so assiduously careful has the fund been managed that the Pious Institute of Colleoni has never failed of its functions since his death in 1475; but I fear me that nothing can ever atone for the artistic sin of his having ordered the equestrian statue of himself, colossal and gleaming gilt, established inside the chapel doors!

In tribute to the charm of the triptych *intarsio*, a pair of middle-aged English-speaking tourists deliberately marched forth and back between it and our patient camera, as if resentful of our prepossession of *their* work of art. We, in turn, were righteously indignant at the intrusion on our occupation *Superiorum Permissu et Privilegio*, so immediately and easily does real beauty cause one to become its instinctive and champion possessor—materialistically!

Having made bold to indicate out-of-the-way art in a small city, I dare also a large one and stop in Santa Croce, Florence, to call attention to the old brown-beamed ceiling of its nave—such a rest to one's eyes after they have ranged over the corporeous monuments along the aisle walls! That is one of the last wooden-beamed ceilings to be used in Gothic art. Not a word about it did my Baedeker say; it was a born Florentine





COURT, CASTLE OF ISSOGNE

artist who pointed it out to me with true native pride.

Since everybody has some art's treasure trove to tell of which the rest of us have not seen, I am not discourteous to the preaching being delivered by University Extension to a flock of American tourists seated in the cloisters' chapel of Santa Maria Novella before the frescoes of "Giotto's School," if I prefer the wrought iron grill which covers the nearest window. Besides, that is neither my party nor my preachment! My only hope is that none of the hearers so yearns to fly through that window that she comes and goes at it while we are trying to photograph it from the outside.

In the flight of the imagination there is no noise, little expense; let it wing our last lap south, to Pompeii, for a glimpse at the unregarded Art of Perpetual Youth. In an excavated courtyard, fierce men and fiercer brutes rage and struggle on the walls; a dark bull of gigantic dimensions figures clearest to memory, the art for a successful

Hercules. Whether M. Lucius Fronto was butcher or gladiator the frescoes do not reveal, but by the back door some lettering was done when the stucco was soft: there was engraved by the carefulest art of a boy's knife in the hands of a ten-year-old height M. LUCRETIVS FRONTO VIR FORTIS. Oh the pride in Father, in the prowess of the *strong man!*

As we wander on and enter the House of the Vettii, we meet another phase of the art of perpetual youth, this time sketched in fresco by the skilled hand of an adult master. Cupid, poised in a biga, is driving a pair of dolphins, his unrestored flesh still rosy and his seasteeds yet sea-green. It is buoyant—snapping whip, humping creatures splashing water; strange that it has not caught the fancy and slowed the pace and quickened the tongue of a greater number of sympathetic admirers! Young First-year A.D. outdoing 1929, aquaplaning *on wheels!* Verily ours is such a day of stunts that we do not know when we were outdone!

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## ANDREW WRIGHT CRAWFORD

Andrew Wright Crawford, Acting Director of the American Federation of Arts since last February, passed away on the afternoon of June 27 while playing golf near Merion, Pennsylvania. He had been in the Washington office all day the preceding Tuesday, apparently in perfectly good health, certainly in excellent spirits, and looking ahead with enthusiasm to the consummation of plans for the future. Thus he passed, as it were, in the midst of life, and will be so remembered.

Mr. Crawford was a member of the Board of Directors of the American Federation of Arts for fourteen years, almost always in attendance at board meetings, interested and active. On the resignation of Mr. Trowbridge in January, 1929, he consented, at considerable personal sacrifice, to become Acting Director, and threw himself into the

work with great enthusiasm. The very successful convention held in May in Philadelphia was almost entirely of his planning and under his management. Those who attended this Convention will recall the enjoyment with which he participated in all of the entertainment so generously provided. Wherever we met, Mr. Crawford was on hand to attend to details, to make everyone welcome. He even led the expedition on Saturday to Chester Springs, and to the end of that long, delightful day his gaiety and good spirits were unflagging; there was no evidence of fatigue, no apparent lessening of personal enjoyment. In his play, as in his work, he was whole-hearted and tireless.

Born in Lower Merion Township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, December 24, 1873, Mr. Crawford received an A.B. Degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1893, Phi Beta Kappa; studied engineering for a year at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, then law at Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania. He was an instructor in the Law Department of Temple University from 1909 to 1923. But his chief contribution was probably to the civic improvement of his own city. He was Secretary of the City Parks Association of Philadelphia from 1900 until the time of his death; a Trustee of the Fairmount Park Art Association from 1903, and Secretary from 1922 on. He was a member of the Executive Committee of the National Conference on City Planning from 1910 to 1925, Secretary of the Art Jury of Philadelphia from 1911 on, and a Director of the National Housing Association from 1913 to the time of his death. He was an ardent supporter of the city planning movement, and there were few better informed than he on city planning and civic improvement. The reports he wrote for the Art Jury and the Fairmount Park Art Association were models of clearness and style. On account of his knowledge and achievement along these lines he was made a member of the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Architects and the T-Square Club of that city. He was also a member of the exclusive Benjamin Franklin Club.

Philadelphia and our American Federation of Arts have both sustained serious loss at his death. There are few whose activities have been more effective and far-reaching.



## PIRATING DESIGNS

It is a curious thing how many persons, otherwise honest, do not hesitate to purloin a design. Kidnapping is a heinous offense, but to steal the child of one's brain is regarded in many quarters as of no consequence at all. American designers have had a difficult time on this account. In the first place, American manufacturers have found it cheaper and more simple to "borrow" than to buy. For a long time the borrowing was from the past—the works of designers long since "gone to their reward"—but of late our resourceful pirates have descended upon contemporary designers, and, without even "by-your-leave," carried off their creations. Obviously the practice implies a compliment, but this kind of compliment is not invariably understood or appreciated—the misappropriation of one's possessions by another is likewise rarely relished. And yet the cries and protests of our American designers have so far been made in vain. We still have no Design Registration law; we still are without automatic copyright. Pirates may ply their trade without fear; no matter what their depredations, the designers have no redress.

It was bad enough when the practice was confined to our own country—a domestic affair. But now comes an outcry from another quarter—embarrassing, but one which may possibly prove more effective than our own, as it threatens penalty. This outcry is from French designers and manufacturers. A communication from Professor Charles R. Richards, Director of the Division of Industrial Arts of the General Education Board, read at the recent Convention of the American Federation of Arts, called attention to the fact that Miss Plumb and Mr. Bach were meeting with grave difficulty in France in securing material—glass and rugs—for the second International Exhibition of Industrial Art to be shown here next season under the auspices of the Federation. "The situation," said Professor Richards, "results from the irritation of French manufacturers, craftsmen and distributors brought about by the American practice of copying French designs and reproducing them in this country without credit or remuneration to the originators. The indignation," he continues, "aroused by this plagiarism has led not

only to protests from manufacturers and merchants in the French public press, but the formation of associations to protect French designs; and as a result it is to be feared that the representation from France in this particular exhibition may be seriously curtailed."

The French, as Professor Richards truly says, have undoubtedly deep cause for their protests. "The American practice of copying from French designs," he avers, "is no less than a national disease that poisons our whole industrial art system of production and lessens the opportunities that would otherwise exist for the stimulation of creative design in our industries." The only remedy that Professor Richards suggests and believes to be effective is "widespread publicity leading to the education of both consumer and manufacturer," and "the cultivation of a better spirit of fair play on the part of our manufacturers."

The situation is certainly mortifying—intolerable, and should not be countenanced. The fact that American travelers abroad are almost universally trusted has given occasion for national pride. That American manufacturers are so distrusted, that they are regarded in the light of highway robbers or pirates, and offensive measures taken against their depredations, is shocking indeed.

In all probability our merchants do not realize the seriousness of pirating designs. It is sometimes difficult to get children to understand that all flowers within reach are not theirs to pluck. So long as we in America do not properly protect our own designers, do not recognize the value of art in industrial design and show proper reverence for creative achievement, we can hardly expect the matter to be taken seriously. That which is to be had at small cost or for which one pays nothing is liable to be carelessly dealt with.

And yet the very fact that our manufacturers are on the *qui vive* for good designs demonstrates the importance of the designer and of art in industry. Let us protect and encourage our own designers; let us cease pirating from our own and from others; let us as speedily as possible wipe out this national disgrace. In this as in other instances, public opinion alone can create effectual remedy.

## NOTES

BOSTON  
HAPPENINGS

A \$1,250,000 art museum for Phillips Academy, Andover, was figured forth in an important commencement announcement. Behind the notice of a forthcoming building project, to which the Boston press gave surprisingly little attention, is known to stand a quite stupendous plan for beautification of an old academy town, an anonymous benefactor having bought or obtained options on various key properties. In the new museum will be housed the academy's already large collection of American paintings the formation of which has, for several years past, mystified Boston and New York art dealers.

With this commodious museum of fine arts, with the John Esther art gallery at Abbott Academy in which exhibitions of contemporary paintings are held, and the Phillips Museum of American Indian archaeology and ethnology, Andover-on-the-Hill is due to become a foremost American art center. The Stuarts, Sulleys and other "early Americans" which have to date been acquired for the Academy collection, and which are at present scattered in offices and schoolrooms, are works of prime consequence, and they represent only a beginning.

A list of benefactions to Harvard, read by President A. Lawrence Lowell at commencement, included no great gifts to the well-established and beautifully rehoused Fogg Art Museum, but a visit to the museum where recent accessions and loans are installed for the summer reveals continuous accumulation. Outstanding are the objects lately acquired from China and the many French paintings and drawings, these including several works by the post-impressionistic trinity.

Familiarly Bostonese sounds the statement that the Museum of Fine Arts has installed for the summer a large exhibition of colonial silver and one of water colors and drawings by Winslow Homer, many examples of both groups of objects being lent from Beacon Hill homes. The silver show, especially, precisely what a myriad of tourists hope and expect to see in New England. It stands adjacent to the Bemis collection of old English silver. More startling, in this 299th year of the Town of Boston, is a little

exhibit that was hung at the Museum in mid-July—of works by Vincent Van Gogh.

The Boston Art Club, whose summers for years past have been devoted to a general members' exhibition, varied its program this season by running the members' show only through June to July 7. Thereafter was hung a one-man exhibition of portraits and interiors with figures by Jacob Binder, born at St. Petersburg, Russia, trained in its imperial academy and, after his arrival in Boston about 20 years ago, by Joseph DeCamp. One of the younger painters in whom John Singer Sargent took special interest, Mr. Binder is shown by this collection of his works to be in line, quite probably, for national honors which he should be well qualified to take.

Summer exhibitions in the mecca land of motorists were opened numerously in June and July. The Provincetown modernist show had its private view on June 30; it runs until the first week in August when the "regular" or "academic" exhibition follows. Gloucester still, as for a decade past, has gently competing summer shows, both starting in early July; the Gloucester Society of Artists following the no-jury plan, the North Shore Arts Association entrusting the selection of paintings and sculptures to an eminent committee. Rockport, Marblehead, Ogunquit, Newport, Nantucket, Mystic are exhibiting art colonies of eastern New England.

A memorial exhibition of the paintings of Elisha Kent Kane Wetherill (1874-1929) is this year's summer show at the Whistler House, 247 Worthen Street, Lowell, under the auspices of the Lowell Art Association. Mr. Wetherill, born in Philadelphia, was a pupil of Whistler at Paris, and one who showed his master's influence throughout an honorable career. Two of his canvases, a study of a young woman in gray and brown and a Delaware River landscape, have been presented to the permanent collection at the Whistler House, to which has also been added, as an appropriate souvenir, a palette set by Whistler for Wetherill and carefully kept by the pupil down to the day of his death.

The somewhat listless summer routine of the dealers' galleries in Boston was punctuated about July 1 by announcement from Frank W. Bayley of another notable dis-



covery in the field of early American art—of a portrait of Sir William Phipps which may quite safely be assigned to Thomas Child.

The name of this painter and stainer, who is mentioned in Sewell's Diary, and who is recorded in the Boston selectmen's minutes as engaged to do in 1702 the exterior and interior decorating of a new house for Headmaster Ezekiel Cheever of the Latin School, has long intrigued antiquarians, but nobody has heretofore definitely identified a likeness as by "Tom" Child. Examination of the Phipps canvas, which was brought to Mr. Bayley for expert study, showed that it bears the somewhat puzzling inscription "Wm. Phips child." As Sir William, at the time he sat for this picture was obviously a middle-aged man and not a child, Mr. Bayley will presumably find few or none to dispute his belief that here, at last, is a veritable work by Thomas Child, contemporary with Jeremiah Dummer, the silversmith, whose avocation of making likenesses was also one of Mr. Bayley's discoveries.

F. W. C.

Plans are well under way for the Twenty-eighth International Exhibition of the Carnegie Institute, at Pittsburgh, which will open on October 17 and continue through December 8. Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens, Director of Fine Arts at the Institute, returned in June from Europe, where he visited artists in Great Britain, France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Switzerland, all of which countries will be represented in the exhibition.

The European members of the jury of award will be André Dunoyer de Segonzac of France, Vivian Forbes of England, and Wladyslaw Jarocki of Poland, who, with three American jurors, will meet in Pittsburgh on September 24. Wladyslaw Jarocki, who is a professor at the Cracow Academy of Fine Arts and Editor of *The Arts*, the leading art publication of Poland, is the first Polish artist to serve on a Carnegie Jury of Award, though he has been represented in two former Internationals. Both he and André de Segonzac will show groups of five

paintings each in the forthcoming exhibition. Vivian Forbes, the British member of the jury, began his artistic career as late as 1918, after retirement from military service. He was one of the artists selected recently to decorate the Houses of Parliament in London. He likewise, has been represented in former International Exhibitions of the Carnegie Institute, showing last year a group of paintings.

In addition to the usual Carnegie prizes and that offered by the Garden Club of Allegheny County, there will be awarded this year for the first time the Albert C. Lehman prize of \$2,000 for the best painting in the exhibition available for purchase. This award carries with it a guarantee from the donor, Mr. Albert C. Lehman, to purchase the prize-winning painting at its list price up to \$10,000.

Announcement has lately been made that Mr. Saint-Gaudens has been made a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold by Albert, King of the Belgians, in recognition of his service to art. This is the third decoration that has been conferred on Mr. Saint-Gaudens by a foreign government in the past two years. In 1927 he was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor by the President of the French Republic, and last year was made an Officer of the Crown of Italy by the King of Italy.

AT THE  
CLEVELAND  
MUSEUM

The Cleveland Museum of Art holds annually an exhibition of the work of Cleveland Artists and Craftsmen which is notable not only on account of the high standard maintained in the quality of the works shown but on account of the interest which it arouses and the resulting sales of works included therein. The eleventh exhibition of this series was set forth early in the summer when no less than 170 works were sold, amounting in value to \$17,784.65. The total of sales since this annual event was inaugurated now reaches the high mark of \$115,873.

Immediately following this exhibition there opened at the Museum an exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, in which thirty canvases by Cleveland artists were shown with sixty by leading painters of the country. Thus the Museum affords oppor-

tunity first for full acquaintance with the work of local artists and, second, for comparison of that work with the best that is produced in other sections. Among the outstanding paintings in this contemporary American showing were Augustus Vincent Tack's portrait of the Honorable Elihu Root; Eugene Speicher's "John Hommell, Quarryman"; Randall Davey's characterization of the late George Bellows; James Chapin's "Miss Ethel Marvin"; "The Mongol" by Henry Lee McFee; and characteristic landscapes by Edward Bruce, Ora Colman, Bernard Karfiol, Walt Kuhn, Fiske Boyd, Paul B. Travis and George Adomeit.

Interesting report was given in a recent number of the Museum's *Bulletin* of the year's work with children. In the Saturday morning children's classes the enrollment amounted to 14,156. Attendance in these classes was so well maintained that it was not found possible to have the customary secondary registration in January, and it was necessary to provide special additional classes to provide for late registrants.

TOLEDO GETS  
A GREAT  
MONET

The Toledo Museum of Art held last winter a notable exhibition of Modern French Art. One of the paintings included in this exhibition was "Antibes" by Claude Monet. This painting has now been purchased by the Museum for its permanent collection, the purchase having been made through the special fund provided by Edward Drummond Libbey, founder of the Museum.

Painted in 1888 when Monet was at the height of his power, "Antibes" ranks among his finest productions. It, with "The Dancers" by Degas, now likewise owned by the Toledo Museum of Art, was shown at the Grafton Galleries in London in 1905, and both were long in the same collection in Paris. The painting shows the famous little Mediterranean city, its buildings bathed in the light of the setting sun, viewed from across the water, which forms the foreground, while in the distance are the hills, glowing purple as the shadows fall into the valleys. To the right on the nearer shore are trees tinted by autumn yellow, gold and russet. The shadows in the hills and on the buildings of the city are those luminous ones which the Impressionists knew so well how to

paint. The picture is found to respond beautifully to the mood of the moment when it is seen. On a cloudy day, it, too, is overcast, and on a brilliant one it has that vibrancy and shimmer that is so characteristic of the south coast of France.

The Toledo Museum of Art is fortunate also in owning the celebrated Monet portrait of Anton Proust, presented to the Museum in 1925 by Mr. Libbey.

ADULT  
EDUCATION  
IN ART

The annual meeting of the American Association for Adult Education was held in May at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, on the invitation of the University of North Carolina. This Association, which is national in scope, was organized some years ago to further the cause of adult education in the United States. Among its activities are the maintenance of a clearing house for information concerning adult education, the sponsoring and conduct of studies and experiments in various phases of this subject, and the publication of the *Journal of Adult Education*. At the annual meetings of the Association, representatives of various organizations interested in some form of adult education gather to discuss common problems and to report on developments and tendencies in their fields.

According to an account published in a recent number of the *Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, many of the sessions of the meeting of the Association held at Chapel Hill included material of especial interest and value to those engaged in museum work in art or art education. "Especially significant in this connection," says the writer in the Museum's *Bulletin*, "was the section on Art and Museum Education for Adults which opened with a paper entitled 'What the Museum of Art Offers to the Worker in His Leisure Time,' written by H. W. Kent, Secretary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and read, in his absence, by his section chairman, F. P. Keppel, President of the Carnegie Corporation. Professor Theodore Sizer of Yale University spoke of the difficulty of teaching art to adults and of the need for adequate docent service to offset the prevalent museum practices of displaying collections in monumental buildings and 'putting art on a cultural basis.' The





ANTIBES

RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART

CLAUDE MONET

tendency to make and use copies of 'period' objects in the museums, Professor Sizer said, has had a bad effect on contemporary craftsmanship and taste and is one of the reasons why popular appreciation in art is far behind that in the fields of mechanical production. He commended what has already been done to make the museum 'a useful and attractive place' and mentioned the smaller local museums in Germany as examples of how museums may be serviceable in education.

"In the discussion which followed," to quote further from this account, "a distinction was brought out between education calculated to train creative artists and that intended only to increase the student's capacity for appreciation and his personal skill, and the statement was made that most work with adults must fall into the latter class. Dr. Keppel quoted Jastrow's definition of adult education as 'the continued stimulation of the mature mind,' and pointed out that art can be a means of stimulation to many peo-

ple not now interested in it, if they can be induced to expose themselves to good examples. Spencer Miller, Secretary of the Workers' Education Bureau of America, expressed his agreement with Mr. Kent's view that the museum may be used to develop the latent possibilities of the worker."

In this connection mention may be made of the fact that Mr. John D. Willard, Research Associate for the American Association for Adult Education, presented at the most recent Convention of the American Federation of Arts a most edifying and thought-provocative paper on "Rural Adult Education and Aesthetic Interests," which later in whole, or in part, will be published in this Magazine.

The South Dakota State College at Brookings is erecting a campanile, which will serve as a bell-tower by day and an aeroplane beacon by night. This



MRS. ROBERT ROY HILL

FLORENCE L. BRYANT

SHOWN IN SUMMER EXHIBITION, ARTS CLUB OF WASHINGTON

tower is the gift of Mr. Charles Coughlin of Milwaukee, a former student in electrical engineering at the college. It was designed by Perkins and McWayne, architects, of Sioux Falls, and is of Bedford stone and red brick. A powerful revolving beacon light will top the campanile's colorful light-flooded dome 165 feet above the ground, casting a beam of light visible by night at a distance of approximately a hundred miles. The tower itself is visible in the daylight at a distance of more than 20 miles. The stone chamber immediately below the beacon light will house a set of electrically operated chimes to call students to their classes and sound the hours with the famous Westminster peals, as well as for special concerts. The stone base of the tower will be flooded at night with a white light, illuminating the four entrances, over which will be placed inscriptions recalling significant events in the history of the state and of the college.

The tower proper, above the stone base and below the dome, will be of red brick, the style of architecture conforming to that of the Lincoln Memorial Library and the Coolidge Sylvan theatre nearby on the campus.

An interesting feature of this campanile will be its illumination, which will include, in addition to the powerful white light on the base, blue and gold lights on the chimes chamber and balconies at the top, representing the colors of the State College. According to present plans, the building will be completed early in the coming Fall.

A recent number of the *Yale Alumni Weekly* called attention to the fact that the Fellowship in Painting of the American Academy in Rome, contested for annually throughout the United States, has now been won five times in succession by students of the Yale

THE YALE  
ART SCHOOL  
AND MUSEUM



School of the Fine Arts. Since 1924 students at this school have also won two of the fellowships in architecture and two in sculpture. The winners are as follows: Painting—1925, Michael J. Mueller; 1926, Deane Keller; 1927, Dunbar D. Beck, 1928, Donald M. Mattison; and 1929, John M. Sitton. Sculpture—1927, George H. Snowden; 1929, Harry P. Camden. Architecture—1924, William Douglas; and 1927, Homer F. Pfeiffer. Commenting upon this fact, a writer in the *Bulletin of the Associates in Fine Arts at Yale University* had the following to say: "This record is, of course, highly gratifying to the friends of the Yale Art School. At the same time, it is to be remembered that the work at the school is not in any degree tuned to the winning of these prizes and would easily deteriorate if this happened to be the case. There is this danger in prize taking in any of the arts: works of art in any field that are produced to win a prize fail of their artistic values. If, on the other hand, as has been the case at Yale, prize winning has followed sound work done for its own sake, it is a satisfaction."

The same number of this *Bulletin* makes mention of a gift from Duncan Phillips of two important paintings to the Yale Museum. One is a landscape by David Cox, "Storm in the Vale of Clwyd," which was at one time included in the Waggaman collection in Washington—a very handsome composition showing a broad sweep of country, a typical Dutch wind-mill to the left, and a dramatically clouded sky; the other a painting by Bernardo Bellotto, an Italian painter of the eighteenth century, entitled "The Lock at Dolo." Interesting account is also given in this *Bulletin* of other accessions to the collections of the Department of Fine Arts, as well as of recent exhibitions.

As several of the museums of the country have their "Friends of Art," the Yale Museum has an auxiliary group entitled "The Associates in Fine Arts at Yale University." Those willing to "assist in furnishing broader and better opportunities for research and publication in Fine Arts matters" and to "stimulate a sense of responsibility for the preservation of, and a desire to enlarge" the art collections at Yale are, it is understood, welcome within this circle. Communications in regard to such membership

should be addressed to Everett V. Meeks, Dean of the School of the Fine Arts, Yale University.

ATTLEBORO  
CHAPTER  
A. F. A.  
INCORPORATES  
MUSEUM

The Attleboro (Massachusetts) Chapter of the American Federation of Arts has lately adopted articles of incorporation, transforming the title of the organization to "The Attleboro Museum of Art"—an important event in its history, and one which promises much for the future.

At a recent meeting the Museum received the offer of its first large bequest, which it immediately accepted. This is known as the Major Everett Horton Collection and was left by the late Gertrude Horton Kendall, to be disposed of by her husband, Walter M. Kendall. Included in the collection are a number of objects of historic as well as artistic interest, valued by experts at approximately \$50,000. The bequest also includes a trust fund of \$5,000 for the maintenance of the collection. Plans are now under discussion for the housing of these works, Mr. Kendall having generously offered assistance which will enable the Museum to plan more completely than it could otherwise have done.

The purposes of the Attleboro Museum, as set forth in its articles of incorporation, are in part "to foster and promote educational, artistic and scientific interest." The plan of operation of the society is "to establish, own, and control and to maintain museums and galleries; and to promote art in industry; to acquire books and manuscripts, scientific and historic collections and objects of fine and industrial art; to institute and promote schools; and to promote lectures, instruction and entertainment in furtherance of the general purposes of the society."

The Museum has also recently passed a resolution endorsing the zoning plan under consideration by the city.

The Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery recently issued its first annual report, a document of exceptional interest, by

Max Farrand, Director of Research, giving a brief history of its foundation, an account of the year's work, a de-



HENRY E. HUNTINGTON ART GALLERY,  
SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA

scription of its collections and an outline of its purposes. The report is in part as follows:

"Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery was founded by an indenture executed August 30, 1919, by Henry Edwards Huntington. . . . For upwards of fifteen years he had been collecting what was to be one of the world's greatest private libraries, and with its growing importance had developed the intention of devoting it to public service. Mr. Huntington had early selected Southern California as the permanent site of his benefaction, and with this in mind he had acquired a large estate at San Marino, adjoining Pasadena and 12 miles from the center of Los Angeles. On this San Marino ranch he had built a large house, designed by Myron Hunt and Elmer Grey, architects, and although even Mr. Huntington himself

did not then foresee the extent to which his collections would grow, he had already started to acquire the eighteenth century English portraits which have become as noted as the library, and his ultimate intentions were indicated by the spaciousness of the building and the strength of the construction upon which he insisted. The house was completed in 1911. A few years later his collections of books and manuscripts had grown so large that Mr. Huntington realized a separate building must be constructed. Plans were drawn, also by Myron Hunt, and the library near the house was begun in 1919. It was then that Mr. Huntington created the trust, founding the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery. . . .

"Mrs. Huntington died in 1924, and with Mr. Huntington's death on May 23, 1927,



the control and responsibility passed immediately to the trustees. . . .

"The changing of the San Marino ranch from a private state to a public institution involved a great many alterations and additions, not only for the convenience of the public but also for the protection both of the public and of the properties. Mr. Huntington also decided in 1925 to reduce to 207 acres the property to be kept inalienable by the trustees, and the considerable work of rearranging the location of gates, drives and plantings, the relocating of the drainage system and the building of boundary walls and fences was in process at the time of Mr. Huntington's death.

"The trustees were in hearty accord with the policy of making the Huntington Library a research institution; in fact, it was upon their advice, given at Mr. Huntington's request, that the definite steps to that end were taken in 1926 and the policy announced. They believed that the 'advancement of learning, the arts and sciences' would best be furthered by the encouragement of research, but they recognized the obligation of permitting the public to share in the privilege of seeing and studying these rare objects of art as well as of making the collections available to scholars. In other words, as one of the major purposes of the institution is research, this has in some degree limited the access of the general public. In the Art Gallery and grounds the public may be admitted more freely than in the library, where it would be impractical to permit the public generally to visit the parts of the Library building where the staff and readers are carrying on their work, or to enter the stack where the rarer books and the manuscripts are kept under strict supervision.

"It was the desire of the trustees to keep as much as possible of the character of the house as Mr. Huntington had lived in it, surrounded by the eighteenth century English portraits and the furniture, tapestries, bronzes and porcelains, also largely of the eighteenth century, both English and French. The preparations for admitting the public to the Art Gallery were completed in January (1928) at the same time that the reading room in the Library was ready for use and the Library Exhibition Room could be devoted to its new purpose.

"In the last months of his life Mr. Hun-

tington carried out a long cherished project of establishing a memorial to his wife. Mrs. Huntington had in her New York house a small group of Italian and Flemish primitives, of which she was very fond, and these paintings were made the nucleus of a collection of choice objects, largely of French furniture, porcelain and sculpture of the eighteenth century. They were arranged in the west wing of the Library building, and by a special deed of trust, dated April 23, 1927, the west wing and its contents were dedicated in perpetuity as The Arabella D. Huntington Memorial Art Collection.

"While these preparations were being made in the Library and Art Gallery, the work on the outside was steadily progressing. . . . By the time the Library and Art Gallery exhibitions were ready, it was possible to admit the public to the lawns and gardens immediately surrounding the house, and in a very short time visitors were admitted also to the Japanese Garden and to the Cactus Garden. . . .

"It was thought at first that two hundred persons could be admitted in an afternoon, and it was fondly believed that by opening the collections for three afternoons a week the demand would soon be satisfied. The public interest, however, proved to be much greater than had been appreciated, and as fast as experience showed it to be possible other days were added each week and the numbers admitted increased until they have reached 650 every afternoon. The collections were finally opened regularly to the public from 1.30 to 4.30 five afternoons each week, with two Sundays of each month in addition, and the public have also been admitted at those same times to the grounds.

"In the five months from January 27 to the end of June (1928), over 50,000 persons were admitted to the collections and grounds, and the demand continues unabated. It is necessary to obtain in advance tickets of admission, which are granted in order of application with a limit of five tickets to any one applicant, and the demand is so great that from 30,000 to 40,000 tickets are usually outstanding. . . .

"As soon as arrangements could be made to that end, photographs (also lantern slides) were made of most of the paintings and principal works of art and . . . placed on sale. It is gratifying to see the demand for them

and to record that the demand is increasing rather than diminishing." In a short time the Art Gallery will be able to supply photographs and slides of all works of art in its possession.

Another edition of the Preliminary Handbook of the Huntington Art Collection has just been issued by Maurice Block, Curator of the Art Gallery, which contains important corrections and additions.

INDIANA WELL  
ORGANIZED  
FOR ART

The State of Indiana is well organized for art, with its Federation of Art Clubs which maintains a well-directed programme of activ-

ity throughout the season and serves as a clearing house for art and artists of the state. Special work undertaken by this organization during the past year was a complete survey of Indiana art, as a result of which much valuable material has been assembled through reports received from the northern boundary of the state to the Ohio River. During the coming season this material will be compiled and made available for the use of the various clubs.

The President of the Indiana Federation of Art Clubs is Mrs. H. B. Burnet of Indianapolis, under whose leadership its work has been carried forward. Among those who will serve as members of the Exhibition Committee for the coming season are: Mrs. J. E. Walters, Purdue Memorial Union, West Lafayette; Mrs. Blanche Bruce of Terre Haute; Mr. Homer G. Davison of Fort Wayne; Mrs. Edna S. Cathell of Richmond; and Mr. Francis Brown, of the Ball Teachers College, Muncie.

During the past year the permanent collection of the John Herron Art Institute at Indianapolis has been enriched, through gift and purchase, by a number of important works. Among those acquired by purchase are a Landscape by André Derain; "The Yellow Room" by Frederick C. Frieseke, and "Departure for the Chase" by Monticelli; water colors by Childe Hassam; etchings by Livia Kadar and by Childe Hassam; a color print entitled "Le Bain" by Mary Cassatt; and "Mater Dolorosa," a Dutch statuette in wood. Of the gifts received, special interest attaches to a bronze, "Indian Hunter," by Paul Manship, and a water color sketch by Winslow Homer.

Mr. Wilbur D. Peat, formerly Director of the Akron Art Institute, assumed his new duties as Director of the John Herron Art Institute on July 1.

Announcement has been made that the Institute will circulate during the coming season an exhibition of thirty paintings selected from its twenty-second Annual Exhibition of the work of Indiana Artists and Craftsmen recently shown.

A. C. A.  
ANNOUNCES  
LINCOLN  
PILGRIMAGE,  
SEPTEMBER

The American Civic Association, with headquarters in Washington, D. C., has announced its Third Traveling Annual Meeting, which will take the form of a Lincoln Pilgrimage in Illi-

nois, beginning September 29 and ending October 4. The members of the Association will be met at Springfield, the early home of Abraham Lincoln, by members of the Art Extension Committee of the University of Illinois, headed by Lorado Taft, the well-known sculptor, and Dr. R. E. Hieronymous, Community Adviser at the University. From thence the pilgrimage will proceed to Salem and other points throughout the state associated with the life of the Civil War President.

Two days will be spent in and near Chicago, plans and itineraries for which are being arranged by the Chicago regional planning Association, of which Daniel H. Burnham is Chairman. The travelers will visit the Cook County Forest, which provides a permanent woodland ring around the congested Chicago Region, and the marvelous Lake front parkway reclaimed from Lake Michigan to give the Chicago public access to many miles of water front. The pilgrimage will end with a Regional Plan meeting in Chicago on the evening of October 4. This meeting will be followed, on the next day, by a meeting of the Regional Planning Committee of the American Civic Association in Chicago. The week following the Ohio Regional Conference of the National Conference on State Parks will be held in Chicago.

This Traveling Meeting of the American Civic Association will, it is believed, afford unrivaled opportunity, not only to visit the extensive parks, the beautiful estates and other points of artistic interest, but will



make it possible to become acquainted with the civic leaders throughout the State of Illinois. Events of special interest during the conference will be a reception at the Governor's Mansion House, and an evening meeting at the University of Illinois.

The Art Departments of MONTANA AND MONTANA State College and OREGON MAKE the University of Oregon INTERESTING are conducting an interesting EXCHANGE experiment in the exchange of exhibits of the work of art students in the two institutions. The purpose of this undertaking is to bring these students into closer contact with other workers in their own field, and to give them a wider range of interest and vision.

The Art Department of the University of Oregon has been especially benefited by the exhibit from the Montana State College which consists of poster advertisements and illustrations, creative and research design, sending to the latter college in return an exhibit of costume plates. Additional items of interest in this collection are batik on light and heavy silks, creative designs, and block printing.

The head of the Art Department at Montana State College is Mrs. Olga Ross Hannon, who was brought to the realization of the need of such an exchange through the lack of art galleries in the vicinity of the two colleges, and the great distances between art centers in the West. With regard to the future of the experiment, Mrs. Hannon has said that it is the hope of those in charge to include all the educational institutions, isolated as they are, in an exchange circuit as a means to a broader outlook, and a knowledge of current ideas concerning art education.

Under the present arrangement each department defrays the expense of sending about its own exhibit, such expenses being included in the budgets of the respective departments.

M. V. L.

THE WORK OF THE Fort Worth Art Association, Fort Worth, Texas, TEXAS ARTISTS set forth in June, for the nineteenth consecutive season, an exhibition of the work of Texas artists. The collection consisted of 142

paintings and included works in oil, water color, and pastel, as well as woodblock and other prints. The growth of art interest in Texas was ably evidenced by the list of contributing artists to this exhibition, many of whom were new to exhibition visitors, and together represented every section of the state. The subjects depicted were likewise characteristic of Texas and the southwest, showing the cacti-covered prairies of west Texas, the missions and the cotton fields of the southern country, as well as a number of Texas wild flowers. The largest single group in the collection was of water colors by Boyer Gonzales of Galveston, who showed, for the most part, scenes along the Texas Gulf coast. Murray P. Bewley, most recently of New York, showed a portrait study, as did Clinton King, formerly of Fort Worth, now of Taos. A group of miniatures was contributed by Atherton Collier of Fort Worth. In connection with this Texas Exhibit there was shown in the galleries of the Fort Worth Art Association a group of etchings of Irish subjects by Power O'Malley.

In connection with the annual meeting of the Arts and Crafts Guild of the Rio Grande Valley held in Harlingen, Texas, early in June, there was shown in the new Women's Building in that city a group of paintings by eight Houston artists, assembled by the Houston Museum of Fine Arts. This collection comprised both oil paintings and water colors, and represented the work of Evelyn Byers Bessell, Margaret Brisbane, Rebecca Henry, Emily Langham, Grace Spaulding John, Ruth Pershing Uhler, E. Richardson Cherry, Frederic Browne, William M. McVey and James Chillman, Jr., the last Director of the Houston Museum.

PARIS NOTES The Courbet (1819-1877) exposition at the *Petit Palais* is impressive and full of variety. As usual the paintings are not arranged with reference to their chronology, so that it is difficult to form a correct judgment of the painter's genius. This is particularly true of an artist so various in his inspiration as Courbet. Flowers, nudes, still lifes, landscapes, anecdotal scenes, portraits, all done at different periods, how is it possible to understand intelligently? The habit in France is to hang pictures artistically, without regard to their dates, but in a retrospec-

tive exhibition how illuminating a chronological arrangement would be to the student! One of the most beautiful of the canvasses, small and not immediately seen, is the "Femme se coiffant," in which a woman arranges her dark hair before a mirror, her face not being visible. One thinks at once of Terbourg, so exquisite is the treatment, and wishes Courbet had done more pictures in that style and fewer painful scenes of hunted stags, however well done, or of animals caught in traps. The portraits are all interesting. The famous "Casseurs de Pierres," loaned by the Dresden Museum, is a fine work which upset all artistic Europe when it was painted in 1850, with its vivid traits and austere coloring. This remarkable collection was gathered from many sources—New York, Dresden, Berlin, Oslo, Stockholm, Budapest, from the Louvre, and about twenty private collections.

At the Bernheim-Jeune Gallery there are now on view 74 paintings and a few drawings and sketches by Maximilien Luce, a painter who has been rather neglected by the public, if not by the critics. Whether one very much likes his coloring or not, it must be admitted that here is a sincere artist, following in the line of the impressionists, but independent at the same time, and very human in his inspiration. Like Signac, many of his paintings are done in the style known as *pointillisme*, the effect produced by small dabs of paint closely associated in a polychrome gamut. There is a great variety in his subjects. His landscapes are strongly constructed, his colors light and firm.

M. Paul Elie-Dubois was official painter to the scientific mission organized by the French Government last year for researches in the African country known as the Hoggar, south of Algeria, on the other side of the Sahara. M. Dubois accomplished an important labor, and the exposition of his paintings and drawings now shown at the *Musee des Arts Decoratifs*, in the Louvre, is well worth seeing, not only for the exotic charm of this dreamlike land, with its extraordinarily fantastic landscapes, but for the skill with which the artist has contrived to give a fair idea of difficult subjects. The portrait of a noblewoman of the tribe (Touareg) in her dark flowing robes of state, one of another noblewoman named Mata, her face sad with the sorrow of ages—for these are an ancient

people—are excellent. In this strange country it is the men, not the women, who are voluntarily "veiled," and the social system is matriarchal. M. Dubois is holder of a *Prix National* and the *Grand Prix* of Algeria.

The private collection of M. Paul Guillaume, at the Bernheim-Jeune Gallery, is attractive to all who care for modern art, as there are fine canvasses by Renoir, Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Rousseau, etc.

The most important piece, historically speaking, in the New Collection belonging to the Prince de la Moskowa, just dispersed here at the *Galerie Georges Petit*, is the famous "Table des Maréchaux." The difficulty was to keep this Napoleonic souvenir in France, with so many rich collectors bidding for it. The price was rising higher and higher when the French Government stepped in and exercised its right of preemption. Behind this movement, it is said, was an American, Mr. Tuck, who, as benefactor of Malmaison, paid over \$400,000 for the celebrated Table, which will now take its rightful place in the former home of Napoleon and Josephine. This piece was ordered by the Emperor in 1806, and was made of porcelain and biscuit, from designs by Percier, by the Sevres manufactory. The work required four years. In the center of the top is a portrait of Napoleon in his coronation robes, and all around are portrait busts in color of the Marshals of France, by Isobey. The base is a broad column decorated with allegorical figures. The bronze ornaments were made by Thomire. The Prince de la Moskowa received his title from Napoleon, and was a relative of Marshal Ney.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

THE	A painting by Edward
LUXEMBOURG	Bruce, an American artist,
ACQUIRES A	has lately been purchased by
PAINTING BY	the French Government for
EDWARD BRUCE	the Luxembourg. Through
	the courtesy of M. Knoed-
	ler and Company this painting is reproduced
	herewith.

Mr. Bruce, in an article in *Creative Art*, has told how he turned from the practice of law to the profession of art. A study of Chinese landscape paintings gave him a new attitude toward nature, and when the urge to paint became stronger than the urge to make money, he gave up his business in New York,





*Courtesy, M. Knoedler and Co.*

#### LANDSCAPE

RECENTLY PURCHASED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT FOR THE LUXEMBOURG

EDWARD BRUCE

and went to Italy. His first exhibition at the Bourgeois Galleries was prior to this departure. In Italy he came under the influence of Maurice Sterne, lived in a little hill town, Anticoli Corrada, slaved at the technique of painting, and at the end of a year made a bonfire of his work. He has twice since held exhibitions in New York City. "Every picture," he claims, "is an adventure with elements of high endeavor and fresh discovery. And there is always the hope that through your pictures others may come to see the beauty that you have seen and tried to capture, and for yourself there is the chance of leaving behind a not unworthy memorial." No wonder the work of Edward Bruce, as Leo Stein has said, seems even in Paris to have shown itself as important.

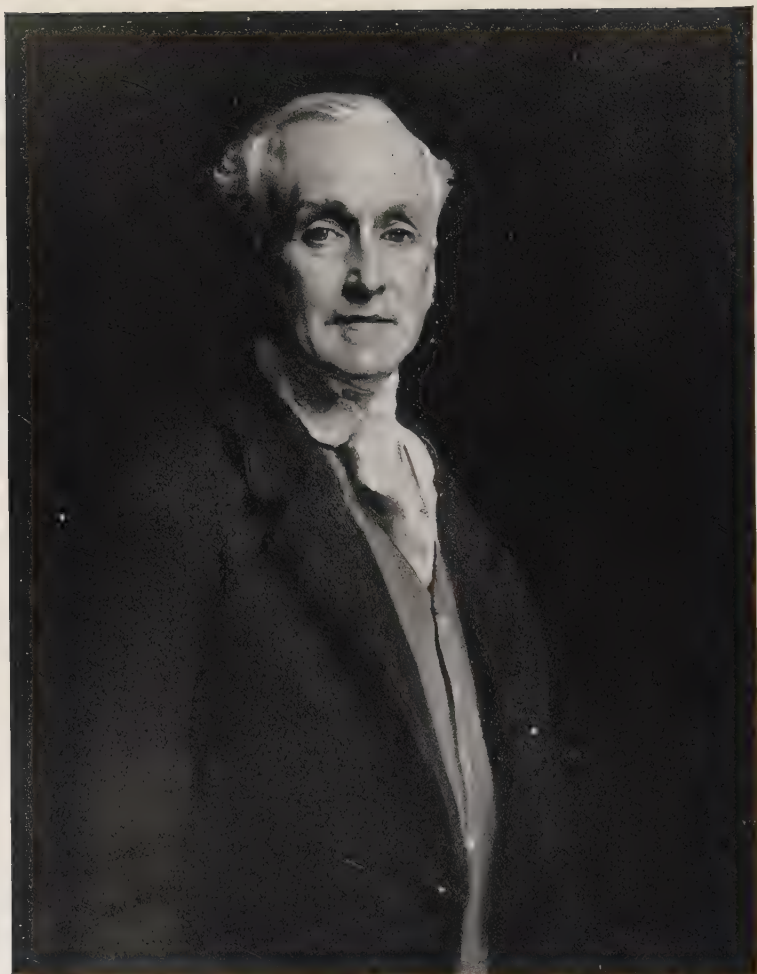
Among the events of the

LONDON NOTES present summer season in

London must certainly be counted two very important exhibitions of modern portraiture. They are a series of portraits and studies by Philip de Laszlo at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, in May and June; and an exhibition of recent works by

Frank O. Salisbury at the Grafton Galleries, June 4 to 29. Similar in some respects, these two exhibitions show a different outlook, which is certainly temperamental and institutes interesting comparison.

Philip de Laszlo was born in Budapest in 1869, and his first definite success was his commission to paint the Prime Minister of Hungary in 1893. Since then his career has been one of brilliant achievement. He has painted three Presidents of the United States, most of the crowned heads of Europe, and has just returned from Egypt where he had the privilege of painting King Fuad, whose portrait is included in the present exhibition. He shows also portraits of the Duke of Northumberland, of Viscount Haldane, the Right Honorable Sir W. Joynson Hicks, a delightful child study of Princess Farnouk of Egypt, and the cleanly chiseled features of Mr. Tompkins McIlvaine from America, in hunting kit. I am inclined to think, however, that, good as are these, de Laszlo is at his very best in his family portraits, and especially in women of society, perfectly gowned and jewelled such as his portrait of H. R. H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, his delightful Lady Plunket, and others.



TOMPKINS McILVAINE

PHILIP DE LASZLO

INCLUDED IN RECENT EXHIBITION, FRENCH GALLERY, LONDON

On the other hand, Frank Salisbury, whose display fills the whole of the Grafton Galleries—a comprehensive showing of the work of successive winters in London and New York—while painting the modern woman very charmingly, seems to me at his best in his strong figures of British officers or leaders of American business life: such, for instance, as his Edward E. Loomis, President of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, his finely modeled head of Dr. Parkes Cadman, and, most notable perhaps, his portrait of the Honorable Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, himself a lover of art. Coming back to London, we have the genially con-

ceived and admirably rendered figure of Sir Charles Allom, and Mr. Salisbury's portrait of Sir John Martin Harvey as Richard III. A feature of the Salisbury exhibition is a group of water colors. The artist, finding himself on Como last year for an entire rest, could not resist the colors, and his delightful "Crusader's Tower, Lake Como," is a result.

Two important works have recently been added to our National Gallery and are to be shown for the first time to the public to-morrow. These are the remarkable "Wilton Diptych," in which the ill-fated King Richard II, with three male Saints, kneels before the Virgin, as Queen of Heaven, with



behind her eleven ladies of her heavenly court as Angels, robed like herself in blue of a wonderful purity and beauty. The author and nationality of this great work remain unknown. Although it recalls such Italians as Benozzo or Gentile, it seems to me near in character to the Flemish, or possibly the Franco-Flamands. This panel has cost us £90,000, of which our Government has contributed half, the rest being made up by generous subscribers. A second painting, lately acquired, is Titian's group of the Cornaro Family, which was at one time in the collection of Sir Anthony Van Dyck, and bought from his executors by the then Duke of Northumberland. It should perhaps be really the Vendramin Family. In this instance the Government contributed £61,000 and private subscribers, among them Mr. S. Courtauld and Sir Joseph Duveen, a like sum, to keep this Venetian masterpiece in our National Gallery. S. B.

## ITEMS

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has received from the General Education Board a gift of \$12,500 to meet expenses incurred by the Museum in the installation of its Eleventh Exhibition of American Industrial Art, now on view. This gift is a very tangible evidence of appreciation on the part of the General Education Board of the educational value of this series of exhibitions in the artistic development of the country, and especially in the recognition of the place of the American designer.

The Brooklyn Museum is holding a group exhibition of Paintings, Sculpture and Drawings during the summer months—that is, from June 1 to October 1. Among the thirty-three artists represented are Malvina Hoffman, who is showing her portrait heads of types—"Javanese Man," "Rabbi at Hara-Srire," etc.; and Angel Zarraga, mural painter of Mexico. Others represented by groups are Harriet Blackstone, Berta de Hellebranth and Bessie Lasky. An interesting feature of this exhibition is a group of studies for mural paintings by Jean-Julien Lemordant, Brittany painter.

An exhibition of the works in sculpture of the late Paul Wayland Bartlett was opened in the new galleries of the Musée de l'Orang-

erie at the Tuileries, Paris, with a private view on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 20. Invitations were issued jointly by the *Ministre de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux-Arts*, the *Sous-Secrétaire d'Etat des Beaux-Arts et de l'Enseignement Technique*, and the *Charge d'Affaires des Etats-Unis d'Amerique a Paris*. Through the great generosity of Mrs. Paul Bartlett, Mr. Bartlett's splendid studio in Paris has been taken over by the French Institute, to be used hereafter by students in sculpture returning from the French Academy in Rome. In recognition of this gift, and through a desire to suitably honor Mr. Bartlett, this exhibition has been arranged.

The Master Institute of United Arts, New York, which is at present erecting a new twenty-four story building to house its museum and school of art, has lately announced that Howard Giles, the well-known painter and authority on the principle of dynamic symmetry as applied to painting, has become a member of the faculty of the school. Beginning with the coming season, Mr. Giles will conduct classes devoted to the fundamentals of design as applied to drawing and painting; also the principles of dynamic symmetry applied to the modern artist's needs. Associated with Mr. Giles in this work will be Emil J. Bistran, water colorist, who is at present conducting the summer classes of the Institute at Moriah, New York.

The new home of the Master Institute of United Arts, of which Nicholas Roerich is President, will be called the Master Building, and will be located at 310 Riverside Drive. Its classrooms and studios have been especially designed and equipped for the teaching of the graphic arts. Other activities of this proposed art center will include exhibitions, lectures and musical recitals.

Attention has been called to the fact that in reproducing in the *AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART*, No. 11, Volume 19 (November, 1928), and also in the catalogue of the International Exhibition of Ceramic Art, a work entitled "Three Dishes," included in the exhibit, the name of the designer of this work, M. Georges-Henri Laurent, was omitted and credit given impersonally to the *Manufacture Nationale de Sevres*. The manufacturers in this instance were merely the producers.



LA FILLE DU MARBRIER DE CARRARE (DRY-POINT) ARTHUR W. HEINTZELMAN

OWNED BY BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE, PARIS; BRITISH MUSEUM; METROPOLITAN  
MUSEUM OF ART

## BOOK REVIEWS

HEINTZELMAN, ETCHER. A Catalogue in two Volumes, with Preface by Campbell Dodgson, M.A., C.B.E., Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum; 132 plates. Edited and Published by Marcel Guiot, Paris.

As Campbell Dodgson has said in his preface to this monumental work, "that the catalogue of the work of an American etcher, a catalogue so thorough and complete, so sumptuously illustrated, should appear in Paris is a phenomenon which one may heedlessly take for granted, but which, if one reflects upon it, seems to call for explanation. The French do not readily pay such tributes to the artists of other nations. Artists of other nations seldom seek such honors from

the French." Mr. Dodgson finds in this publication another sign of the "community of interests, knowing no national boundaries, that brings together amateurs of etching in various countries, of which the recent interchange of exhibitions between France and England, England and Italy, France and the United States is already a welcome symptom," referring in the last instance to the exhibitions arranged and circuited under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts.

As Mr. Dodgson rightly remarks, it is Mr. Heintzelman's art, not his birth, that counts. Acknowledging Mr. Heintzelman's debt to Rembrandt, Mr. Dodgson hazards the guess that his love for etching must have mani-



fested itself in his student days in early efforts on copper, for he finds it hard to believe, in fact incredible, that this etcher could have made his actual debut in 1915 with a plate so mature as that of "The Rabbi" which holds first place in this catalogue chronologically arranged.

Mr. Dodgson treats of Mr. Heintzelman's work not merely chronologically but according to subject. His portraits of old men and of musicians, his religious subjects, his interpretations of motherhood, of cabaret life; and he calls special attention to the fact that Mr. Heintzelman does not indulge over largely, as those who work in drypoint are apt to do, in varieties of state. The fact that Mr. Heintzelman has worked out for himself a very personal style to act for the expression of ideas that originate in a refined and sensitive spirit, is aptly remarked.

In almost every instance the reproductions are of the exact size as the originals, and render as nearly as possible the quality of the prints themselves. To collectors such a catalogue proves invaluable. And who is not potentially a collector of etchings, a lover of the etcher's beautiful art?

Seldom has an etcher been paid a greater compliment than Mr. Heintzelman has received in the publication of this catalogue. Seldom has one deserved such compliment more genuinely.

**DOCUMENTS POUR SERVIR A L'ETUDE DE L'ART EGYPTIEN**, by Jean Capart, Director and Chief Curator of the *Musees Royaux du Cinquantenaire*, Brussels. Published under the Patronage of the *Foundation Egyptologique Reine Elisabeth*. Special folio (11½ x 16). The Pegasus Press, Harcourt, Brace & Co., publishers. Vol. I. Price per copy \$42.00, half leather. Edition de luxe, \$90.00 per volume.

This is the first of a series of five volumes. It contains, besides the preface and descriptive text, 150 illustrations reproduced on a hundred full-page plates. When the publishers suggested to M. Jean Capart that he write a synthetic study of Egyptian Art, he is said to have replied that no Egyptologist would be willing to engage on such a task at the present moment, because new treasures are being unearthed almost daily in the many fields of excavation that are being explored now in Egypt and these discoveries in many instances require readjustment of opinion. Therefore the work of

publication has, to obviate this difficulty, been given serial form. The text is in French and is, almost without exception, descriptive and explanatory, referring in numerical sequence to magnificent reproductive plates. As such the publication takes on a special value to the student of Egyptology, giving him or her opportunity to study almost at first hand, so good are the reproductions, the great works in public collections, in the company of one of the most learned Egyptologists of our day. It is interesting, and perhaps a little surprising and distinctly gratifying to our pride, to find that among the works reproduced and described are examples of Egyptian Art owned by and on view in several of our American Art Museums, the Metropolitan, New York, the Brooklyn, the Museum of Fine Arts, the Fogg Museum and the Semitic Museum in Boston and Cambridge, the Museums of Detroit and Cleveland, and our Freer Gallery at Washington.

A second volume in this notable series is announced for issuance some time during the present year.

**FLORENTINE PAINTING OF THE TRECENTO**, by Pietro Toesca. The Pegasus Press, Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York, publishers. Price, \$42.00.

Another handsome publication in a limited edition has come from the Pegasus Press, with all the fascinating characteristics of good paper, fine type and beautiful and numerous illustrations that have come to be associated with the books bearing this impress. Of the 114 plates contained in this volume 66 are of the works of Giotto, and reasonably so, for he was the central figure among Florentine painters of that period. Professor Toesca holds that Giotto was not a primitive but rather a rival (if not the *only* rival among Florentines) of Michael Angelo, and he proceeds to prove to his own and in all probability the majority of his readers' satisfaction that Giotto's work possessed all the qualities of not only great but mature art. From the beginning of the fourteenth century and for the best part of three hundred years he says Florentine painting had a sharply defined individuality. This individuality obviously was colored by contemporary life and took on various forms, but throughout those centuries a distinguishing thread continued unbroken. According to



Professor Toesca, Giotto's distinguished characteristics were most fully revealed in his paintings of the life of St. Francis at Assisi. More matured and assured, however, are seen to be his frescoes in the Arena Chapel at Padua and in the Church of Santa Croce. In association with the works of Giotto are considered those of Cimabue, who preceded him, and of those few distinguished painters associated with him and directly following him, Maso, Gaddi, Orcagna and others. The Giottoesque period came to its close in the early part of the fifteenth century, carried, the learned author of this book says, to its utter exhaustion, the ornamental conception of painting becoming empty and conventional expression. The story told originally by Franco Sacchetti is retold—that of a group of painters gathered together in 1360 to discuss their art; among them Orcagna and Taddeo Gaddi. The latter, in response to an inquiry from the former as to who was the greatest master apart from Giotto, is credited to have replied: "There have been many excellent painters, but the art has long been in decline and grows worse from day to day." And yet Michael Angelo, Raphael and Titian were still to come.

In addition to the plates, which are admirable black and white reproductions, numerous notes on the paintings are given together with a helpful bibliography in which Bernard Berenson's book on "Florentine Painters" is especially noted as indispensable for study and appreciation of Florentine painting.

**MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME, Volume VII.** Published by the American Academy in Rome. Printed in Italy.

This, the seventh volume of the *Memoirs of the American Academy in Rome*, will prove of unusual interest to archaeologists, dealing as it does with early Roman traditions in the light of recent archaeological discoveries. The author of the principal essay, "Early Roman Traditions," is Inez G. Scott, a fellow in Classical Archaeology at the Academy in 1924-26. There are also scholarly essays by Florence Heaton Robinson, Lillian M. Wilson, H. Comfort and C. Dale Badgeley. The short treatises on "Sculpture Evidence of an Army Order issued by Marcus Aurelius" and "An Unusual Marriage

Scene" will prove of particular interest to the layman. In addition to the text, the volume contains 22 beautiful illustrations and is handsomely printed on fine paper. The book may be ordered through the American Federation of Arts or directly from the American Academy in Rome, addressing it care of 101 Park Avenue, New York City.

**SOUNDING STONES OF ARCHITECTURE,** by Philip N. Youtz, M.A., A.I.A. Published by W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York. Price, \$2.50.

Architecture is viewed from new angles in this exceptionally interesting volume. It interprets civilization, and, in the author's opinion, enables one to comprehend art and life. He does not provide an encyclopaedia of architectural details; he endeavors to show that art, the visual method of comprehending culture, is partial, as are the methods of history and science, but that of the three it is the most faithful. In order to completely understand a certain period, he says, one must be an historian, a philosopher and an artist. Whether or not everyone can achieve such a triple personality, acquaintance with this stimulating book will refresh and enrich one's appreciation of the greatest of the arts.

**ANCIENT PAGAN SYMBOLS,** by Elisabeth Goldsmith. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. Price, \$3.

An understanding of the significance underlying symbolic figures widely used in all forms of art must inevitably heighten the enjoyment derived from their aesthetic appeal. Resultant upon that theory, this handbook should prove convenient to travelers in the Orient and visitors to art galleries and museums. Some of the material has been condensed from a more extensive work by the same author, on "Life Symbols," and has been rearranged for quick reference. The information on the various symbols is brief but comprehensive, and its value is increased by about 40 halftone plates of works in sculpture and ceramics, and by numerous line drawings in the text.

The Gorham Company has lately issued a very attractive illustrated catalogue bound in boards, listing, with descriptive text and full-page reproductions, small bronzes by American sculptors cast at this firm's foundries at Providence, R. I.







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